



THE

Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 19 Dec. 1962



hunting number



Discerning Christmas Present

Not everyone can distinguish between champagnes. Or between the finer cigarettes. But for the discerning group who do, there is only one possible cigarette for a Christmas present . . . Player's No. 3. They are made from better-tasting tobaccos, finer Virginia tobaccos, that Player's go to considerable lengths to find—and then to blend with all the skill, knowledge, and experience they deserve. The result is a remarkable smooth-smoking cigarette with an unusually rounded flavour, qualities appreciated by those who can distinguish one cigarette from another. 12s. 3½d. for fifty, or 24s. 7d. for a hundred—handsomely packed for Christmas.



*Oh, Rodney
that's not **fair!**
Little me loves
it **too!***

I say! This is
the stuff! Must
tell the fellows
about it! Real
man's drink, this
Pimms

I mean, it's so
delightfully **simple!**
Ice, lemon, Pimms—and a
slice of cucumber . . .

Alas, dear
Pimms I loved
thee well

CAPITAL!
NEVER THOUGHT
I'D FIND IT OUTSIDE
THE CLUB, CAPITAL!

PIMMS the number 1 party drink

One bottle gets a party going—have one tonight!



The most modern of all self-winding

watches!



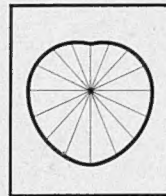
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with the 'velvet touch'



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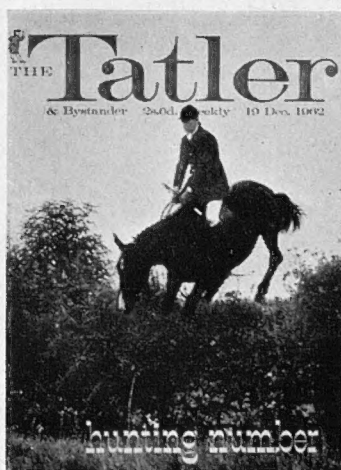
THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

19 DECEMBER, 1962

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This Hunting Number presents photographic coverage of the Cottesmore Hunt meet at Uppingham School, of the Tipperary Hunt meet at Fethard and of the Cotswold Hunt Ball at Witcombe Park. On the cover, Mr. Evan Williams, who has been Master of the Tipperary Hunt in Ireland since 1953, jumps a bank near Tullemaine Covert. In 1937 Mr. Williams won the Grand National on Royal Mail. Alan Vines took the photograph. Other features include a look at London's Christmas shows, and Hector Bolitho's reminiscence of Coburg, birthplace of Prince Albert. Also a hint for those planning summer holidays—Jack Esten introduces tax-free, customs-free Andorra

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Reluctant Bachelors' Ball, Grosvenor House, 20 December, in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. (Details, Mr. David Brewer, HAM 6776.)

Limelight Ball, Savoy, 31 December, in aid of the Royal London Society for the Blind. (Tickets, inc. dinner & champagne, £5 5s. from the Chairman, Limelight Ball Committee, MAI 8844.)

Organ Grinders' Ball, Chelsea Town Hall, 3 January, in aid of the Family Welfare Association. (Tickets, 30s. from Lady Vallat, 10 Phillimore Court, W.8. WES 4298.)

New Forest Spinners Ball, New Forest Hall, Brockenhurst, 4 January.

Miss Dorice Stainer's Children's Party, Hyde Park Hotel, 3-6.30 p.m., 8 January. Fancy dress optional. In aid of the Sunshine Homes and Schools for Blind Children. (Tickets, 15s. inc. tea, six for £4 5s., Ascot 954 or EUS 5251.)

Children's parties, Savoy, in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. Up to 8 years, 9 January, 3.30-6.30 p.m.; Head-dress party, for 9-14 years, 10 January, 4-7 p.m. (Tickets, 25s. inc. tea, from Mrs. Gilbert Russell, KNI 8222.)

Suffolk County Ball, Athenaeum, Bury St. Edmunds, 11 January.

RACE MEETINGS

Steeplechasing: Uttoxeter, Fontwell Park, 22; Kempton Park, Newton Abbot, Wincanton, Huntingdon, Sedgefield, 26; Wolverhampton, Market Rasen, Wetherby, Kempton Park, 26, 27; Taunton, 27; Newbury, 28, 29; Warwick, Catterick Bridge, 29; Cheltenham, 31 December, 1 January.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *The Good Humoured Ladies, The Lady & The Fool, Birthday Offering*, 7.30 p.m., 18, 20 December; *The Sleeping Beauty*, 7.30 p.m., 22 December, 2.15 p.m. & 7.30 p.m., 26 & 29 December. (COV 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *Die Zauberflöte*, 7.30 p.m., 21, 27 December, 2, 5 January; *La Forza Del Destino*, 7 p.m., 28, 31 December, 3 January.

Sadler's Wells Opera. *The Girl of the Golden West*, 7.30 p.m. tonight, 28 December; *The Mikado*, 7.30 p.m., 14, 18, 20, 29 December. Matinée, 2 p.m., 29 December; *Carmen*, 7 p.m., 21, 26 December; *Die Fledermaus*, 7.30 p.m., 22, 27 December, 2 p.m., 26 December. (TER 1672/3.)

ART

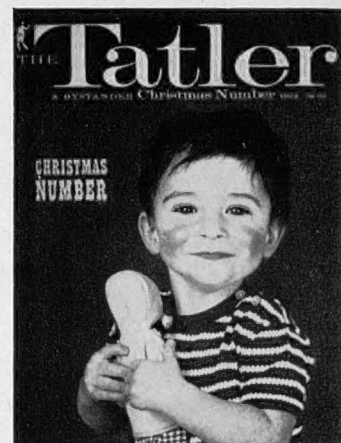
Jean Arp retrospective exhibition, Tate Gallery, to 23 December.

Greek & Russian icons, Temple Gallery, 3 Harriet St., Knightsbridge, to end of month.

Christmas Present Exhibition. (Small pictures by English & French artists.) Roland, Browse & Delbanco, Cork St.

FOR THE YOUNG IN HEART

... and with emphasis on the young in years, the annual Christmas number of THE TATLER (cover alongside) presents aspects of childhood from the sophisticated 4-year-old who plans her own parties to the young Queen Victoria, shy and uneasy at her first ball. Caryl Brahms, Sirlol Hugh-Jones, James Laver and Joan Aiken write about children in this colour-filled issue, and photographer David Sim records the saga of a little boy lost in London. THE TATLER feature writers Angela Ince and J. Roger Baker contribute, too, and Graham offers some further exploits by the inimitable Briggs. This special issue



is on sale at every good newsagent but make sure of your copy by writing to us now.

The address is: The Publisher, THE TATLER, Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.2. Price 4s. including postage.

FILM

Elsa & Her Cubs, by Joy Adamson, Royal Festival Hall, 3.30 & 7.30 p.m., 30 December. In aid of the Elsa Fund for the Protection of Wild life in Africa. (WAT 3191.)

EXHIBITIONS

Stanislavsky Centenary Exhibition, Ceylon Tea Centre, Piccadilly Circus, 10 a.m.-10 p.m. daily to 31 December (exc. Christmas & Boxing Day).

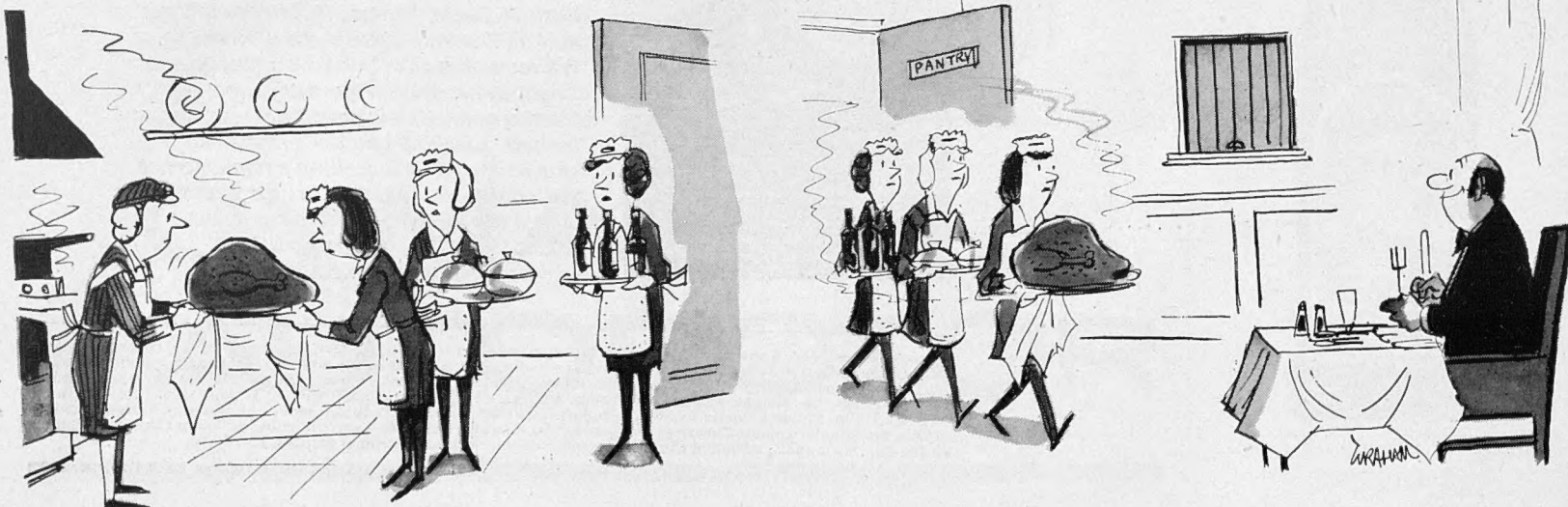
"Daily Mail" Boys' & Girls' Exhibition, Olympia, 28 December-12 January.

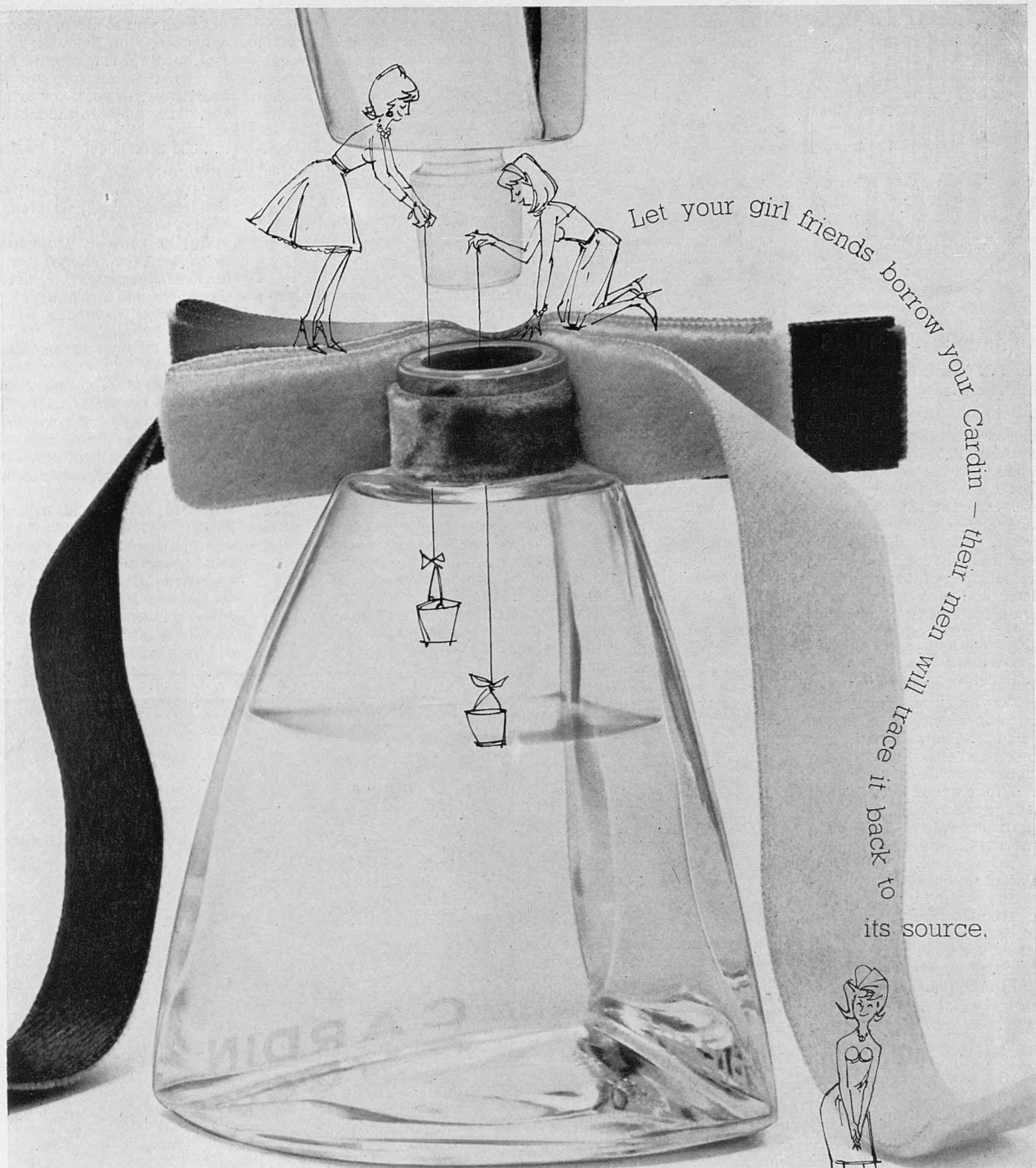
Christmas Exhibition in aid of undeveloped countries, Old Curiosity Shop, Portsmouth St., W.C.2. To 29 December.

CHRISTMAS SHOWS

Aldwych, *The Comedy of Errors*; **Empire Pool,** Wembley, *Peter Pan on Ice*; **Garrick** (matinées), *Cindy-Ella, or I Got A Sho*; **Palladium,** *Puss In Boots*; **New Arts,** *Amelia's African Adventure*; **Piccadilly,** *The Rag Trade*; **Her Majesty's** (matinées), *Emil & The Detectives* (from 20); **Duchess,** *Rule of Three* (20); **Scala,** *Noddy In Toyland* (21); **Prince of Wales** (matinées), *Acker Bilk Show* (22); **Queen's** (matinées), *Billy Bunter's Christmas Circus* (24); **Lyric Hammersmith,** *The Bluebird* (26); **Royal Festival Hall,** *The Nutcracker* ballet (26); **Vaudeville,** *Let's Make An Opera!* (26); **Mermaid,** *Rockets In Ur's Major* (26); **New Arts,** *Three At Nine* (27 Dec).

BRIGGS-by Graham



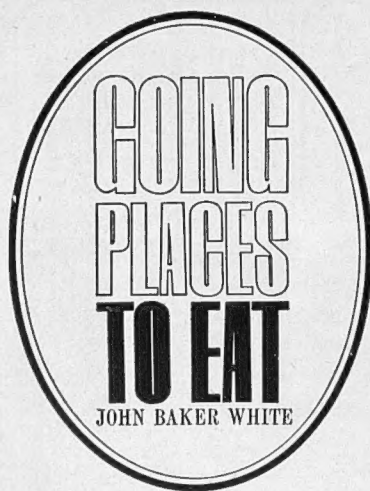


Let your girl friends borrow your Cardin — their men will trace it back to its source.



PIERRE CARDIN

A NEW LESSON IN LOVE



For novice gourmets

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays
W.B. . . . Wise to book a table

The Pantry, Walton Street, Chelsea end. Open Monday to Saturday. 10.30-3 p.m. and 6.30-11 p.m. Let me first set down what I ate, and then what it cost. Soup of the day, well-made and without benefit of packet. Sausage and bacon on toast, the best for a long time, and jacket potato; an apple fritter and cream, just as it should be; and two large cups of well made coffee. And the cost? Exactly 8s. 9d. If there is better value for money in London, in comfortable and pleasant surroundings with charming service, I have yet to find it. The menu includes 88 open and closed sandwiches, ranging from 1s. 6d. for egg to 4s. 6d. for chicken breasts—and they are sandwiches, not visiting cards. Salads are also a speciality—beef, chicken, cheese and so on.

Parents whose children are starting work in London tell me often that they cannot get a decent meal of wholesome well-cooked food within their income. I suggest they send them to the Pantry.

The Stage Door, Lower Regent Street. Below the Hunting Lodge, with separate entrance from St. Alban's Street. (WHI 6850.) Opens at 9 p.m. and closes at 3 a.m. Pleasantly got up in the Edwardian style, with a fine collection of old theatre programmes on the walls. There is dancing and a short cabaret. Entrance fee 12s. 6d., which includes the first drink; the rest are at normal prices. There are some six dishes on offer, all substantial, and all priced at 10s. 6d. A new answer to the question that I find always difficult to answer—"Where can we go after the theatre?"

La Ronde, 59 Marloes Road, Kensington. I understand that the "heated winter patio" is

open and that late night reservations are now accepted.

Marynka, 234 Brompton Road. Writing of this restaurant recently I said that it was closed on Sundays. This was a mistake, it is open on Sundays.

A sauce is born

This is a story that should appeal to all gardeners and lovers of good cooking. Mr. Charles Thomas Bradshaw is manager of the Trocadero, where, for the second year in succession, the Réunion des Gastronomes held their annual banquet. One of the six splendid courses was *La Fine Tranche de Filet de Boeuf Sauce Thomas*. And this is how the sauce came about.

Mr. Bradshaw is a dedicated gardener. One summer's morning he went out to find his beloved lawn studded with mushrooms. Having picked them, and a shallot from his kitchen garden, he made for the kitchen and fried them together in butter. To them he added a little sherry, a couple of spoonfuls of beef stock, and some cream from his wife's larder. And the result? *Sauce Thomas*.

Space does not allow me to describe the whole of this

memorable meal, served in the grand manner. But it proved once again that the *Chef Cuisinier* of the Trocadero, Charles Jean Beaufort, is outstanding in his profession. Should you wish to challenge this opinion, go to the Trocadero, order your meal in advance, and do not forget to study carefully one of London's outstanding wine lists. And you might, by giving due notice, arrange to have Mr. Bradshaw's sauce.

Wine note

THOUGH WE ARE DRINKING MORE port than we were, consumption is nothing like what it was half a century ago. I suspect that this is due partly to a fallacy that good port is expensive, which it is not; and partly to a prejudice against the word "tawny." This is a sort of hangover from the Edwardian era when there was an obsession with the word "vintage," and when a great deal of tawny was drunk in the wine lodges and public houses. I recall with pleasure my mid-morning dock glass at Shorts', Below Bar, Southampton, at 9d. with a hot currant bun. Truth is that in these days when cellars are few and vint-

ages dear, tawny port is jolly good value for money. It does not send you to sleep, give you a headache or liver. It is, in fact, ideal for this day and age. So, for that matter, are the aperitif white ports for drinking, chilled, before the meal.

. . . and a reminder

De Vere, De Vere Gardens. (KNI 0051.) *Here you can eat well indeed and there is a cellar of Jura wines.*

Hand & Flower, 1 Hammer-smith Road. (FUL 1000.) *If you are looking for somewhere to eat when you go to the circus or fun-fair at Olympia, this straightforward English restaurant is right on the doorstep.*

The Stable, 123 Cromwell Road. (FRO 1203.) *First-class cooking in the Italian and French styles, combined with dancing from 10.30 p.m. to 2.30 a.m., with licence, and open for luncheon as well.*

Gavurin, 6 Park Road, Regent's Park. (PAD 9744.) *A small restaurant specializing in wine cooking and unusual sweets.*

Gastronomic Weekends. *At the Imperial Hotel, Torquay: January 25-28, February 22-25 and March 22-25, 1963. Full details from the management.*

Cabaret calendar

Establishment (GER 8111).

Paul McDowell, Wendy Varnals, Robin Grove-White and Peter Bellwood in a new show directed by Nicholas Garland

Society (REG 0565). Audrey Jeans, the singing comedienne
Colony (MAY 1657). Joan Turner

Talk of the Town (REG 5051).

The Beverley Sisters in the cabaret spot. At 10 o'clock Fantastico, Robert Nesbitt's floorshow with featured acts and hosts of showgirls

Quaglino's (WHI 6767). Vic Perry, billed as "King of the Thieves." Noel Harrison opens Christmas Eve.

Savoy (TEM 4343). *The Kaye Sisters, the Trio Rayros and the Savoy Dancers directed by Irving Davies who also appears in the show*

Blue Angel (MAY 1443). Noel Harrison, Los Valdemosas, Joy Marshall and the Southlanders

Marion Ryan is appearing at **The Room at the Top** (ILF 4455). *Special events are planned for Christmas Eve, Boxing Night and New Year's Eve, when Hughie Green will be the star of a gala show, which includes Nancy Roberts, Julie de Marco and Vic Hallums*

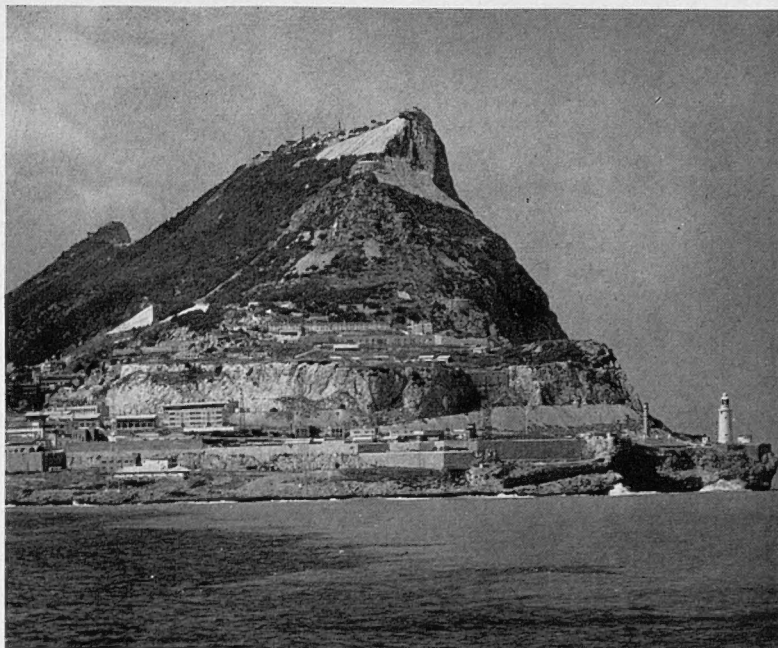




The sunshine truth

I AM NOT THE FIRST TO PLEAD FOR the Truth about Winter Sunshine from the travel agents. Those pictures of parasols shading smiling faces and tanned torsos which flip in glossy folders through our letter boxes do represent, most certainly, the Caribbean, South Africa, Mauritius and Zanzibar, through the dark months of our own winter. They bear little relation, however, to the kind of climate and way of life which may be expected on the rivieras of the Mediterranean, even of North Africa. Winter sunshine is, of course, a thoroughly ambiguous term. The sun can still shine in a temperature that is below zero, and often all the more brightly for that. The mistake is to correlate the kind of heat that permits stripping, still less swimming, with it. So the most refreshing and realistic literature to flip through my own letter box recently was some put out by B.E.A. who are, most intelligently, promoting "winter sunshine golf" holidays.

The normal package tour rates offered by most leading travel agents apply, but these are a few of B.E.A.'s suggestions: the Cannes Golf Club at Mandelieu (nearest airport: Nice, £43 15s. return). Other clubs for which Nice is the applicable airport include those at Marseilles/Aix, and at La Turbie, on the heights above Monte Carlo: this latter is one of the most heavenly golf courses in Europe. A fourth suggestion is the Nice/Antibes course at Biot, where there is no membership fee to pay. All of these are 18 holes. Just over the Italian border, San Remo has an excellent course and this festive, still quite gracious little town is a great deal more pleasant in its late winter and early spring foliage than in the height of summer. It offers shopping at prices which seem almost like a blood-let after



Majorca: Porta Andraite. A number of winter holiday plans can be laid here. Top: Gibraltar. A bargain-flight there puts you on the doorstep for Algeciras and Tangier

those in France, and has also a casino.

The flight to Gibraltar (one of the all-time bargains at £30 10s. return, night tourist) gets you close enough to Algeciras, just over the Spanish border. The comfortable Reina Cristina Hotel runs to open fires in some bedrooms, and has a pleasant nine-hole course. Then, over the straits to Tangier—a 15-minute hop by plane—the Golf & Country Club is particularly agreeable. The course is nine holes, and the English secretary, Mr. Stewart Lang, welcomes all overseas visitors. Flair Tours do an inclusive holiday with a week at Tangier's Rif Hotel for 66 guineas. They also have a

variety of winter holidays in Majorca, of which those set in Palma itself are the best bet for the time of year. Prices, depending on the hotel, run from 42 to 65 guineas a week, including, of course, the flights.

Another paradise for golfers (as well as gamblers) is Estoril. The mimosa-scented course there, bordered by pine trees, has a particular degree of bliss, and the club is gay, chic and pleasantly un-hearty. You can stay at the Lennox Golf House, right on the course, for 79 guineas a head, two weeks, including the fare. The agents for this arrangement are G. C. Fox & Company, of Arwenack Street, Falmouth: an old-established firm and the only

one, to my knowledge, which actually specializes in golfing holidays. Others on their books include Guadalmina, on the Costa del Sol (68 guineas for two weeks), and Madeira. Here, 15 nights' accommodation at the Savoy in Funchal, including return trips by Union Castle—a 23-day holiday in all—costs 134 guineas.

And suppose this royal and ancient game holds no particular appeal for you? In the Yugoslav island of Hvar, lying in the Adriatic between Split and Dubrovnik, the hotels guarantee repayment of your accommodation if there is more than three hours' rain or mist per day. There is, of course, nothing to do in Hvar except look at it, and maybe make a side trip to its neighbour Korčula. But it is, by definition, sub-tropical (as evidenced by the foliage of magnolias, palms, orange and fig trees). It is also well sheltered though swimming would be, I should say, a bonus not to be counted upon. Its buildings, like those of Korčula, are Venetian, its streets without traffic. I liked the look of the Dalmacia hotel, which is open all year and has its own little rock *plage* complete with tables and striped umbrellas. Hvar has considerable charm, and is not so inaccessible as one might think: steamers ply regularly from Venice down the coast via Rijeka and Split, and Venice itself is only two-and-a-half hours away by air.

None of these holidays need cost more than £100; less if you take an inclusive holiday. Within the radius, you'll be lucky to swim or to scorch to burnt-ochre, but you can reasonably expect to lunch, at least, outdoors, and to gather carnations, magnolia and mimosa on your tracks. In the coming weeks, I shall follow the more expensive path of certain gold to Nassau, Bermuda and the Caribbean.

In the meantime, an important adjunct to winter holidays in Europe is a car. I have always found the Hertz system to operate particularly smoothly, and if you take out one of their Credit Cards in this country (at no charge, of course) you obviate the need to pay any deposit against insurance. They have depots in all the places of which I have written. From Nice, minimum charges are £10 11s. per week, plus 4d. a kilometre. In Gibraltar, 15 gns. a week, unlimited mileage for travel in Spain. In Tangier, 15 gns. a week plus 4d. a kilometre. And in Lisbon, £7 17s. 6d. a week plus 4d. a kilometre.

*And now...
for Christmas...*
**a liqueur
brandy
that really
deserves
the name
'Luxury V.S.O.P.'**

Never before has this magnificent cognac brandy been available for Christmas giving. Specially blended by the House of Martell from its own selection of precious "fine champagne" brandies, Medallion V.S.O.P. is the very epitome of luxury. It is that extra special liqueur brandy that will crown your celebrations.



**MEDALLION
V.S.O.P.
by Martell**



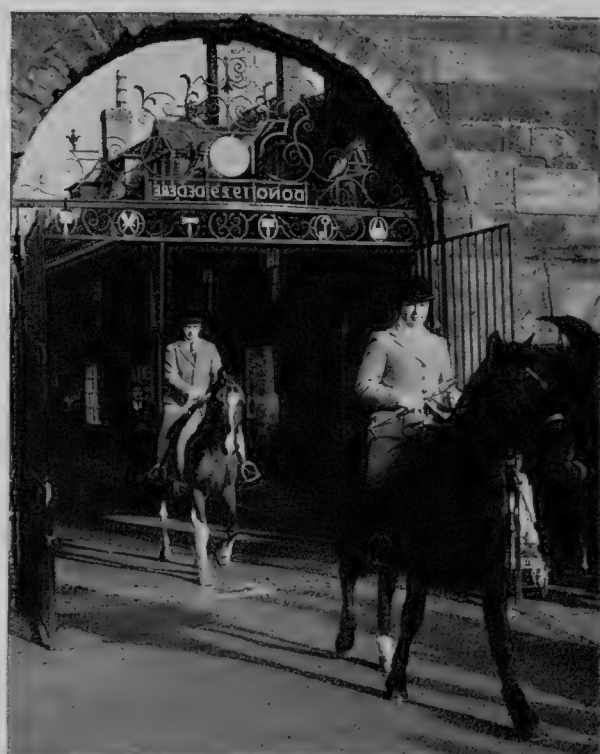
THE TATLER
19 DECEMBER 1962

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THE HUNT IS ON



A stirrup cup before moving off—a scene which is an English classic accents the theme of the following pages. Here Mr. Martin Lloyd, headmaster of Uppingham School, drinks with Major Robert Hoare, a joint-Master of the Cottesmore Hunt. Muriel Bowen writes about this meet at Uppingham School on page 781, and there are more photographs by Van Hallan overleaf



Mrs. M. D. McAlpine, wife of one of the joint-Masters, and Col. S. T. Eve. Top: Col. Sir Roland Findlay, Bt.

Miss Sheila Price and Miss Sally Vincent

Timothy Hough and David Obank, two Uppingham boys who rode with the hounds. Above centre: Miss May Wilson

OUT WITH THE COTTESMORE

Left: Mrs. R. Hoare, wife of one of the joint-Masters.
Below: Brigadier Dame Mary Colvin and the Hon. Verona Kitson



One hound found himself diverted by scholarly attentions



Towards the end of the day

THE GALLANT TIPS ARE AWAY

The opening meet of the Tipperary Hounds was held at Fethard, Co. Tipperary. The Master is Mr. Evan Williams (right), with Mr. Isaac Bell, a former Master of the Galway Blazers

PHOTOGRAPHS: CHARLES FENNELL



Mr. Vincent O'Brien, his daughter Elizabeth and the Marquess of Waterford



Col. Joss Hallows, the oldest member of the hunt



Mrs. Evan Williams, wife of the Master, and Major George Ponsonby



Miss Yvonne McClintock, Miss Anna-Rose Carrigan, the Marchioness of Waterford, Mrs. George Harris, Miss Caroline Delmege and Mrs. Redmond Carroll crossing the River Clashally

WITH THE FLYING HEYTHROP

MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS

MY DAY WITH THE HEYTHROP STARTED OFF inauspiciously with the whole countryside enveloped in a thick blanket of fog. The meet was at the Dower House, Maugersbury, and our hosts, LT.-COL. & Mrs. TED LYON, were obviously people who plan for emergencies, as their liquid refreshment stretched across the nearly two-hour wait before the fog lifted enough to hunt. Then a few words, crisply to the point, from CAPT. RONNIE WALLACE, the joint-Master and huntsman ("some of you don't know what a headland is—I would like to tell you that it is not 30 yds. wide!"), before jogging on to the first covert. Over-fresh horses frolicked about after their cold wait, and some of us visitors wondered how long it would be before we were on the floor. Our worries were short-lived. We were soon enjoying the Heythrop at its brilliant best.

Precisely three minutes after hounds had gone into covert they were streaming away over the buff-coloured Cotswold walls. When I got to the rise above the covert they were already three fields ahead and going like rockets. Only Capt. Wallace on a magnificent stamp of chestnut horse from Co. Limerick was with them. But LT.-COL. E. B. STUDD on a smallish brown horse—that should be worth a bet if he runs in point-to-points later in the season—was rapidly narrowing the gap between field and hounds. He was followed by Mr. JOHN & the Hon. Mrs. SCHUSTER, Mrs. DERMOT DALY riding side-saddle, and Miss CAROLINE HORSBRUGH-PORTER. Scarlet-coated and top-hatted LT.-COL. BOB BRACKENBURY from the Warwickshire was having a lively ride on a skewbald to my left.

RODE WITH BROKEN ARM

Farther to the left I saw Mrs. JIM LAURENCE, the show expert, her arm—broken hunting—tightly tied up. She was riding a determined chestnut cob. Another rider was LT.-COL. J. E. S. CHAMBERLAYNE, the honorary secretary, who told me at the meet that I had missed a good hunt by not coming the previous day as I had intended.

Some plough, some grass and then a jump on to a road and off. And it was off and off for a young man wearing a black coat and riding a brown horse. Enthusiastic fellow, he ran after the horse sinking spur deep in the plough.

We galloped on over a nice succession

of big, open fields and stone walls. A soldier from Tidworth lost his hat over a drop fence and it was inadvertently kicked after him by a lady wearing a tweed jacket and riding a chestnut. Mrs. DUNCAN MACKINNON, joint-Master with Capt. Wallace, flew past me, a neat, slim figure in the green coat of the Heythrop and a top hat. She was riding side-saddle, striding along on a free-moving chestnut. To see her would have gladdened Lord Brabazon of Tara, who is always saying that women out hunting look as interesting as undertakers in their black or navy blue coats. A riderless chestnut horse with a red ribbon on his tail galloped past me and was cheered on his way by the occupants of some small houses who had come out to watch.

After 25 minutes at steeplechasing pace there was a check by the Fosse. A couple exchanged their tired horses for fresh ones. One rider said: "Good night. I'm off to a wedding." Later I learnt he was Mr. TOM BARTLETT on whose land we had found the fox.

HURDLE HOLD-UP

Hounds hunted on at a slower pace and there was the first hold up of the day. Everybody queued to get over a sheep hurdle with a pole on top in the corner of a field. BRIG. ROSCOE HARVEY, the stewards' secretary, Miss J. MACDONALD BROWN on a dun cob, Miss DIANA HASTINGS riding a borrowed chestnut, and Mr. CHRIS HOBSON on a big brown horse, Dan (borrowed from his uncle, the Attorney-General, SIR JOHN HOBSON), were all well placed and got over in the first flight. Tiring of the queue, SIR NICHOLAS NUTTALL put his likely looking chaser at a stout 4 ft. 3 in. wall. They got over but parted company. We admired their bravery but their fall didn't encourage the rest of us to have a go. I'm glad to report that Sir Nicholas and his horse came to no harm. They went past me a couple of fields farther on.

Hounds checked by a small wood. A lady on a tired horse worried about having to open a gate. "Don't worry," said her companion, a man with a black moustache and wearing a top hat. "It is one of Lord Ashton of Hyde's gates." The gate opened easily and shut with the click of a Rolls-Royce door.

THE BREAK-THROUGH

We went through the wood, a rather nasty little place with holes. On the

other side hounds were really moving again. A fine vista of country spread out before us, but an even finer sight was to see the field, now thinned to perhaps 80 riders, jumping three fields abreast. The rather faded pink coat of MAJOR RICHARD FLEMING, the merchant banker, was in front and seemed to stay there effortlessly, right up behind Capt. Wallace. There was a rider in blue breeches and riding a bay horse going like smoke on the skyline to the right—Mrs. J. A. F. BINNY.

Those to the right were jumping hedges and ditches, in the centre it was stone walls and on the left posts-&-rails. I noticed CAPT. & Mrs. SIMON LODER going extremely well and also Mr. LENNOX HANNAY of the North Cotswold, Mr. CHARLES DOUGLAS-HOME, Miss CHARLOTTE KLEINWORT, just back from hunting in Ireland, Miss AILSA SMITH-MAXWELL, and Miss MARY ANNE HARE (daughter of the Minister of Labour & the Hon. Mrs. JOHN HARE) who appeared to be riding the most stylish jumper in the field and who took a fence with a big drop in front of me at this point.

The pace had begun to tell. Suddenly three riderless horses appeared from behind and a couple of fields farther on it was four when a blonde girl came off over a gate. Fortunately nobody was injured, and Mr. "TIM" TILL, the Oxford surgeon and the only doctor in the field, was able to enjoy his day's sport without the call of duty.

I followed LADY MARY ROSE WILLIAMS who was taking a slightly different line of country from the rest. It was rather an alarming experience. Lady Mary Rose casually flicked over a hedge with a big drop followed by a post-&-rails which was the biggest fence of the day. We found ourselves with the first half-dozen while the rest of the field had to push on to catch up. Lady Mary Rose was riding her hunter trial winner, the grey Harkaway.

Shortly afterwards hounds killed. The point was 4½ miles and 11 to 12 miles as they ran. The time 1 hr. 35 mins. Capt. Wallace tells me that it was the same fox all the way, a most praiseworthy performance by his hounds considering the amount of traffic when they crossed the Fosse.

IN THE GRASS COUNTRY

It would be difficult to feel so important out hunting as we all did when we rode through the gates of Uppingham

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School for the meet of the Cottesmore. There were several hundred boys manning almost as many cameras. Taking those assembled, equine and human, I doubt if even MAJOR ROBERT HOARE's mount, Rosepark—winner of 24 races—had ever been the subject of so much admiration, so many pairs of riveted eyes.

It was a day in the life of the school that was being enjoyed to the full. The headmaster, Mr. MARTIN LLOYD, put on his mortar board to welcome us. COMDR. JACK, the bursar, was astride a solidly built cob, and Mr. DENNIS FREEMAN, a master, and several of the boys were mounted. "All very different from my day," said LT.-COL. SIR HENRY TATE, Bt., an old boy who is a Cottesmore stalwart. "We never had a hunt meet at Uppingham the years I was there," said another old boy Mr. R. W. GOSSAGE, the hunt secretary. The meet was a great success. As darkness fell I saw some of the boys who had run after us all day, muddy and exhausted, being piled in layers into a hunt truck for the drive back to Uppingham.

FOG ON THE WOLDS

There is something about the Cotswolds—the firm grass and the solid stone walls—that makes me take any excuse to return, and the meet of the Cotswold Hounds at Notgrove station was one worth taking.

Fog must have hindered the joint-Master and huntsman, SIR HUGH ARBUTHNOT, Bt.; nevertheless, he managed to keep us on the move all day and there were several pleasant shortish bursts, one terminating in a kill. Joint-Master with Sir Hugh is Mrs. JACKIE BRUTTON, who has captained Wales at tennis and was a Wimbledon player for many years. Indeed, the jump of the day was when she cleared a stone wall topped by sheep wire netting. Mrs. Brutton didn't see the wire, but fortunately her good show hunter Eastern Pearl did. It was a most spectacular leap and gave us all something to talk about when we got home!

MAJOR GEOFFREY MILLS, the hunt chairman, was out and also Mrs. DAVID NUNNELEY who, everyone was saying, makes such a good job of running the hunt ball, MAJOR-GEN. NORMAN COXWELL-ROGERS, and SIR DONALD ANDERSON, one of those rare people, a man with a good eye for crossing a country. Others out—Mr. TIM UNWIN, assistant hunt secretary, and one with the happy knack of making visitors feel welcome; Miss JUNE STEPHENS riding a bold jumper; Mr. JOHN SHEDDEN; Miss LISA SANDYS LUMSDAINE, whose painting of the Cotswold is being used for the hunt Christmas card; and the Hon. MRS. FLEMING, who was enjoying the hunt so much that in the afternoon she had to do a cross country sprint home to be in time for her children's party!

THE HUNT IS ON

THE COTSWOLD CELEBRATES



Mr. W. N. Unwin is the oldest follower of the Hunt



Captain & Mrs. P. Percy



Sir Hugh Arbuthnot, Bt., joint-M.F.H.



Mr. A. J. Barnett and Mrs. J. Darling

After the chase, the dancing. More than 400 guests attended the Cotswold Hunt Ball at Witcombe Park, Gloucestershire



Mrs. K. Hellyer and Mr. John Shedden



Lady Arbuthnot and Mr. Louis Larthe



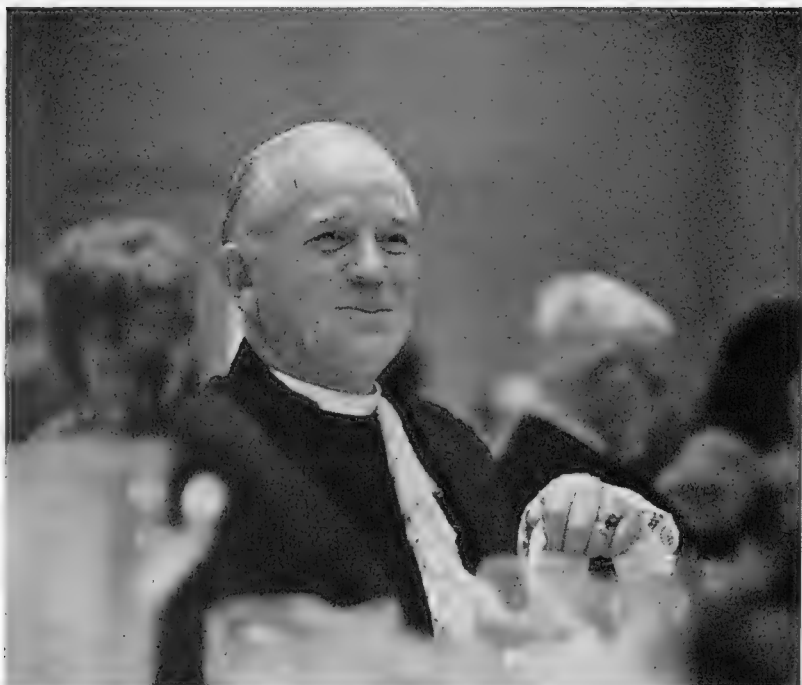
Major W. W. Hicks Beach, M.P., and Mrs. Hicks Beach



Mr. & Mrs. Nunneley and Mr. H. D. Senior

THE CHARITABLE SCOTS MEET IN LONDON

The Rev. Ian R. N. Miller, the Hon. Chaplain



Lady Strathcarron and Lord Morton of Henryton



Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham of Hyndhope & Lady Sempill



The Earl of Perth. Top: Sir George Baker

The annual dinner of the Royal Scottish Corporation was held at Grosvenor House. This was the 297th Festival of the 300-year-old Scottish charity founded to benefit Scots in London. Baroness Elliot of Harwood was the principal speaker

Mr. A. W. Badenoch and Miss Angela Bell-Walker



Mr. David Banks, President of the London Perthshire Association



*Mr. Richard Poole, a managing governor.
Top: Mr. Robert Orr*

Lady Morton of Henryton and Lord Sempill

GERANIUMS FOR ALBERT

❁ ONE HUNDRED AND ONE YEARS have passed since the death of the Prince Consort; a melancholy introvert who is as misunderstood now as when he was alive. We are busy watching his descendant, a cheerful extrovert, playing a similar role. We merely read of the Victorian prince: he is part of the dust of history. So a return to his birthplace—snatching at the little relics of his memory—can only be described as a sentimental journey.

I drove to Coburg on a summer morning a few months ago; north from Bamberg through the valley of the Itz, which is little more than a stream flowing beside the road. My memories were of more than 30 years ago, when I first travelled along the same road, to begin writing my biography of the Prince Consort. The scene encouraged my escape into the past; sunshine, ox-wagons, and women working in the fields, wearing blue blouses, and white head scarves to shield them from the summer glare. But there were also signs of the violent history of the last decade—an American truck with a negro driver; and the winding country road that I remembered, now wide and straight enough to make way for tanks.

The story of my long association with Coburg began in 1928, when I went to Rosenau Castle, where Prince Albert was born. My guide had been Prince Hubertus, then 18 years old; a great-grandson of the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria. (He was killed during the last war, flying over the Russian front.) We drove towards the fantastic castellated sky-line of Rosenau, rising above rich fields. Then we walked among the rose-beds and oaks, jardinières and fountains. It was here that Prince Albert had played at being a Saxon knight; here that he had walked with Queen Victoria, 20 years later, making a cup for her with his hands so that she could drink from the pool by which he had



The statue of Prince Albert in the market place at Coburg

dreamed when he was a child.

Prince Hubertus opened the door of the castle and we climbed the stairs and to a dark room. He parted the shutters so that the sunshine streamed in. The room was absolutely empty except for one portrait, of a boy with golden hair, against a tender assortment of sky and clouds. It was Prince Albert at the age of four, and this was the room in which he was born.

The same shutters had been opened on a summer day in 1819, when Prince Albert's grandmother had written, "I am sitting by my Louisechen's bed. She was yesterday deli-

vered of a little boy . . . at six, the little one gave his first cry in this world. . . . The quiet of this house, only interrupted by the murmuring of the water, is so agreeable."

I also had heard the "murmuring of the water," in 1928. The scene had not changed in more than a century. Prince Hubertus and I looked out of the window at the fountains splashing on old mossy stones, and at the stream, hurrying down the valley.

* * *

This summer, I went again, not knowing what changes Rosenau had endured since the war, until we paused at the

gate and were told that the castle is now a home for the old and lonely. I saw two of them, between the flower beds, as we walked to the door and asked the porter if we might see the room in which Prince Albert was born. He did not know of it, nor of Prince Albert, so I led him up the stairs to the room Prince Hubertus had shown me, so long ago. On the door were three names typed on a card—Hippmann, Förster, and Engel. The man opened the door and I saw that the room had been divided in two, with a rough partition, so that there would be six beds for six old people. The portrait of Prince Albert as a child had gone.

I turned from the sad, narrow beds and went to the window. The fountain was there, though there was no jet of water from the mildewed stone. But I could hear the "murmuring" of the other water, in the stream. I saw some old women walking in the garden below, but Prince Albert was forgotten. He had said, when he was only 22 years old, that England's "principal evil" was "the unequal division of property and the dangers of poverty and envy arising therefrom." His tendency was always to the left, so perhaps he would have liked the idea of his birthplace being turned into a home for poor, lonely old people.

* * *

We drove from Rosenau, back into the heart of Coburg, and I noticed the television aerials on the old rooftops, where storks used to make their nests 30 years ago. (I have been told that they are deserting their old haunts in Germany because of this intrusion.) There was still time before lunch to climb to the Veste, the huge castle on top of the hill, where Martin Luther stayed when he was translating the Psalms. There, in 1928, I had found 200 letters that Prince Albert had written to his brother during his 22 years in England. They were the most self-revealing letters

A sentimental journey to Coburg by Hector Bolitho

he ever wrote. But there was little to remind me of research within the castle this summer: there was a business of tourists, and even an American drinking Coca-cola. I climbed the ram-parts, high enough to look over the chestnut trees and the valley, towards the menace of the Russian-occupied zone, five miles away.

Then down from the Veste and back into the town. I passed the small palace where I had sat with King Ferdinand of Bulgaria during my last visit to Coburg, in 1938. The peace of the town was already being threatened; there were Nazi flags on the railway station and in the streets; and men in brown uniforms, marching.

It had been a strange escape from these menacing signs, to sit in the room with King Ferdinand; a frightening figure on the sofa. I was intimidated by every movement of his hands, which were ornate with rings. He wore a black skull-cap and a pointed white beard. He smelled of musk.

My biography of the Prince Consort had been published, and the exiled King had asked to see me. But his welcome was chill. He said, "I am receiving you, not as a British visitor, but because your book has righted a wrong."

I had asked, "But does Your Majesty resent . . .", and before I could complete my question he said, "King George V was very unkind to my person. When I went to Oxford for the Ornithological Congress—the University paid me so much honour—King George told his family that none of them was to receive me. Very unkind to my person. I cannot forgive that." All 24 years ago. The King has died since then and the palace in which he lived looked dead also. It seemed that Coburg was no longer a place to which powerless kings and princes could retire with their sad trophies. But this was hardly true.

In her house, near the centre of the town, I lunched with the

Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, who had been so kind to me long ago. Out of a life of tragedies that would vanquish most human beings, she left the castle which was the setting of her grand years and she lives alone in a modest house, with neighbours. There, with an inward courage that asks no sympathy, she has made a private life for herself, and it would be an intrusion for me to say more than that it is peaceful. But there was one surprise I can mention.

The other guest at luncheon was her grandson, Prince Andreas. His looks and his voice are clearly American, for he went there to be educated, and his mind and conversation belong to the new side of the Atlantic, not the old. He is the Prince Consort's great-great-grandson; but more interested, it seemed, in his shining new motor-car than in his inheritance. He was surprised when I told him that his great-great-grandfather—already dying in December, 1861—had saved America and Britain from the folly of war, by the changes he made to the *Trent* dispatch, sent by the Foreign Office to Lincoln's Secretary of State.

And he was even more surprised when I told him that Queen Elizabeth II, who is of the same generation, has American blood and that she is as closely related to George Washington as almost anyone alive. So surprised that he excused himself and went to mow the lawn.

* * *

There were two more sentimental duties for me before I left Coburg. I went first to see Schloss Ehrenburg, in the town, where, in May, 1818, the Duke of Kent—splendid as a Field Marshal, with an "incredible" cocked hat—married Victoria, widow of the Prince of Leiningen. But it was the memory of their daughter that dominated the rooms. The guide pointed to a big canopied bed and said, "That is where Queen Victoria slept when she came to stay here." Then—"That picture over the bed is of Windsor Castle, which was Queen Victoria's home in England." We moved past the objects, from room to room; little statues and pictures of the Queen, Prince Albert, and their children. One might have been

walking through the rooms of Osborne, 100 years ago. It is a strange island of Victorian associations to have survived in republican Germany.

The second sentimental duty was to see Prince Albert's statue in the market place. It might have been torn down during the violent years, but the driver said, "Oh, no! It is still there."

We turned into the square and walked where I used to buy sausages—the unrivalled Coburger Bratwürste, grilled over fir cones. I knew the woman who grilled them and I used to eat one as we gossiped in the safe talk of the 1920s. But the day had come when she wore a Nazi badge and our friendship seemed to dwindle. She had gone, long ago. In her place there were no fewer than six stalls, all with the smell of the glowing fir cones mingling with the smell of the sausages. And there were stalls of fruit and flowers, poultry and vegetables, and fat white radishes.

In the centre of all this was the bronze statue of Prince Albert. It has been there almost 100 years; near the place where he wrote, at the time of his betrothal, "My future lot is high and brilliant, but also plentifully strewn with thorns."

There was no sign of the thorns this summer. All was innocent sentimentality as we walked between the stalls, to the foot of the statue. There were a few marks, perhaps from shrapnel, on the pedestal and on the wall beyond; but the bronze prince was splendid in his bronze robes, and about the base were three tiers of scarlet geraniums.

There is a record somewhere of Queen Victoria giving money to Coburg to pay for flowers, on the understanding that they were to be planted about the statue, each year, "in perpetuity." Through some miracle of kindness and manners, that has survived two world wars, the promise is still being kept.

© Hector Bolitho



Rosenau Castle, Prince Albert's birthplace

THE WALL ON ST. ANDREW'S DAY



For more than a century, a feature of the St. Andrew's Day celebrations at Eton has been the Wall Game played between Collegers and Oppidans. Like all games it has its own rules, but unlike other games these rules are understood only by Etonians. The game originated against the wall (where it is still played) which divides the school grounds from the main Windsor to Slough road. After an hour of varied and vicious scrambling the game—which is played regularly during the winter half—is over. At half-time the players are allowed lemonade. Photographs by Jack Esten



By half-time the originally crisp turn-out of the teams has been reduced slightly by mud and sweat. *Left:* Sir Claude Elliott, Provost of Eton, and Mr. J. H. L. Lambart, the Vice-Provost, watch the game from a traditionally appointed spot somewhere between the spectator-parents and the scene of action

THE HIRED HELP

THIS MORNING—HEAVEN BE PRAISED!—I PAID the 30th and final instalment on the estate car which I've been driving, as can be calculated with little difficulty, for the past 30 months. Ah, the pride of ownership! And I mean *real* ownership; in law, for the past 2½ years, "my" car has actually been the property of a certain well-known H.P. company. I have merely been hiring it from them—such is the legal fiction—and they have now been pleased to sell it to me for the nominal sum of one quid. I find without surprise that I have not been in the minority: about 60 per cent of all private motor vehicles are bought on the never-never (which for me, at last, has become the now-now). So I will hazard a guess that at least one-third of the cars which we see being proudly and proprietorially polished on Sunday mornings, or jammed bumper to bumper along the Brighton Road on Sunday evenings, are in fact owned by finance houses.

Goodness, what a swizz it is! Let us just consider one or two facts and figures. Turning back the pages of my account book to the far-off month of May, 1960, I find that the Vauxhall's list price (in Ireland) was £827. I traded in my battered Wolseley in lieu of a cash payment; and, to work off the balance of £627, I began paying £24 11s. 6d. a month. . . .

How white and virginal she was in those distant days! With what impatient care did I lovingly nurse her through the Running-In Period! How zealously did I resist the temptation, however straight the road, to slam my foot down and take her up to 80! But an estate car on an Irish farm has quite a rough time of it, once the honeymoon period is over. In the first year, I covered 15,000 miles. I suppose about half this total was compiled in whizzing back and forth between Killegar and Dublin. It's 87 miles each way, and I must have made the return trip a good 40 times. The road is first class: I regularly break two hours, and the record (held by me) is 99 minutes.

The other 7,500 miles were somehow accumulated on an immense variety of agricultural, domestic, and social activities, mainly on pot-holed country roads which would quickly shake many a car to pieces. I have often taken a litter of pigs to market in the Vauxhall—and have returned from town with 10 or 12 hundredweight of seed, or fertilizer, or feeding-stuff in the back. I have foddered cattle from it in winter when the tractor has been on other work (or out of order), and have used it to take the milk to the creamery when Lolita, the mare, has been required for riding purposes by assorted nephews and nieces.

Meantime those monthly instalments

were going off with exemplary regularity by banker's order. The H.P. people always tell us that their very high "charges" are justified because of the expense involved in collecting the sums due. Well, I cost them absolutely nothing at all; they don't even send receipts. So the goody who pays on the dot every month is penalized for the tardiness and omissions of the baddy, who gets away scot-free; this, I think, is rather less than fair.

In the second year mileage was lower because I had moved my centre of gravity to London (and left the car, after much deliberation, at Killegar). In fact, after 30 months, there is now only some 27,000 miles on the clock. It was something over a year ago that I had a drawbar attachment fitted, which considerably increased the number of separate uses to which the car could be put. She could draw, without difficulty, a decent-sized trailer, so I could cheerfully set out for the Ballsbridge Bull Show with my exhibit—a year-old bull—tagging along behind. It is quite an experience to drive with a bull, as I have done, through the very centre of Dublin. Also we could take the sows in comfort on their biannual visits to the boar—or Lolita to be shod.

The 30 instalments which I have now finished paying amount to a little matter of £737, so I have contributed £110 to the coffers of the shareholders. This is the equivalent of 7 per cent per annum of the sum originally borrowed. But, from the very first repayment, the sum owed has obviously been less than that; in recent months it has been negligible, but the instalments remain the same. I would actually have been better off if I could have arranged to repay the principal in 5 equal half-yearly instalments—together with interest at even 11 per cent on the outstanding sum each time. Furthermore, such interest payments are deductible from one's income in calculating the tax payable; H.P. charges are not. For anyone who is liable to tax at the standard rate, it would be preferable to borrow money at as much as 17 per cent rather than resort to hire purchase.

Why do we put up with it? It's due, of course, to the perennial desire to live beyond our means—to mortgage the future, however great the cost, for the benefit of today. Now I'm free of it—the car is finally mine. How long will the freedom last? The Vauxhall has done well; she is an old and trusted friend. Alas, she is also worn and battered. I must start thinking of a replacement. I suppose, on a trade-in, I could get half of what she cost me. And why worry about the balance? It can go on the long finger—as it always does, it seems.

Arriba Andorra!

THE
TATLER
19 December
1962
791

Andorra, an independent state bordered by France and Spain, could be called Europe's bargain basement. No tax, no customs restrictions make it a shoppers' paradise—local cigarettes are 6d. for 20, English and American 1s. 9d. Petrol is the cheapest in Europe; whisky is 16s., suede coats and transistor radios sell at a fraction of their prices elsewhere. Once all able-bodied men and donkeys were engaged on the profitable job of smuggling tobacco; the sunny, dry climate and mountain streams made the state a haven of tranquillity for the rare visitor. Now, two decades later, tourism is the main business

and thousands of visitors have invaded this duty-free supermarket in the past year; 70 hotels have been built on land whose value has increased 100 times over the past 12 years; a ski lift has been built to the top of the 7,897 foot Envalira peak to attract winter sports enthusiasts. The capital, Andorra-La-Vella, with a population of 600 is the world's smallest, but this number is multiplied ten times during the summer.

Unlike those other independent states Monaco and Liechtenstein, it is almost impossible to become an Andorran citizen. To achieve this (with full political rights)

one must either be a third generation native of the state, or marry an heiress where the male line is extinct. But these *Rubillas* have been mostly absorbed by veterans of the Spanish Civil War. Its sheer remoteness (the road from France is closed by snow for six months each year) probably deters tax-evading millionaires, but its tourist attractions range from night clubs and wine cellars to an away-from-it-all peace among mountain scenery, with hotels at £1 a day or less. It is perhaps surprising that of the thousands who motor to the Costa Brava and places south, few plan their journey through Andorra.



From France, Andorra is approached from Aix les Thermes almost 8,000 high on the Pas de Casa—a road closed by snow for six months of the year. Below: Outside the numerous restaurants waiters hand out menus to passers by—to entice them with Spanish cooking



WORDS AND PICTURES BY JACK ESTEN



Camera-shy customs officer at the border. Examination of non-Spanish nationals is cursory if at all



Open bars with wine in the barrel (and free samples all round) are frequent. Specimen prices: Port—4d.; Vin blanc—2½d.



If you have an ability to fool the customs Andorra offers a tremendous range of goods at remarkably low prices



This family is typical of many who drop over the border to do their weekend shopping

Another view of one of Andorra's wine lodges



Nightlife in Andorra-La-Vella is cheap and exciting. Here at the Rotunda Club Spanish dancers entertain. And customers can themselves dance later—but it's usually the Twist



Two miles from the capital life takes on a more tranquil aspect. This road is near the Spanish border



Early morning, the main street of Andorra-La-Vella prepares for the influx of motorists and pedestrians



CHARLOTTE MARCH

**GOOD LOOKS
BY
ELIZABETH
WILLIAMSON**

Backs are back and every other dress shows one off. But a back that bulges over a tight-fitting top, a back that is less than spotlessly smooth, needs some background work. Ray Cochrane of the Beauty Clinic works with Traxator massage to make flabby muscles tone up, circulation step up. £3 17s. 6d. for six half-hour treatments. A comprehensive campaign for spotted skins takes in massage with medicated cream, Traxator massage, finishing up with a mask. The effect of this is to cleanse completely, leaving the skin smooth and freshened. 15s. 6d. for one treatment but best effect is achieved by a six-part programme: £3 17s. 6d. Joy Byrne, Albemarle Street, has a specially good tactic

for backs. The French thought it up. Hot wax, smoothed all over, effectively cleanses the skin and makes it feel warm and glowing. Then a seaweed mask goes on to give a smooth, polished finish. Have one the afternoon before a party for 30s. ∞ Upkeep for an otherwise blameless back is a friction brush suspended on a long strap to massage back and forth: Swedish, 25s. from Dickins & Jones. Dry off with a hairy, old-fashioned bath towel that leaves you glowing all over. If an extra pair of hands is willing to smooth a mask over your back, then this is instant good looks before a party. Use one of the slightly stronger kind of face mask because the back skin is thick enough to take it. ∞ Give a back a final touch for night by dusting over with a man's talc which is often beige tinted—the womanly, white ones leave you looking as if you have been tossed in flour. A problem that only ski skins seem to have is the suntanned face above the lilywhite back. There are two workable answers. One is to toast yourself carefully with a sunray lamp for a few minutes every night—treat your face with anti-brown lotion first. A lamp can be hired from John, Bell & Croyden for 25s. a week. Or make a make-believe tan with one of those tan overnight preparations which were an overnight sensation. Try one of the gentle, moisturizing ones like Orlane's Tan Orlane.

backgrounds

THE PARTY CANDIDATE

Salome wore seven veils. The bride wears one. However a veil is worn, it can add mystery. For all party candidates preparing to pass the exam as the most prettily dressed woman in the social whirl, Elizabeth Dickson gives high marks to the dress with the veiled top. Photographs by Lidbrooke. Hair by Xavier of Knightsbridge



What the perfect
secretary wore to
the director's
party in the
executive suite:
veiled snuff
chiffon, long
sleeved and demure
above the bodice,
sashed in a ribbon
bow and cut
straight below.
arrow. below.
Polly Peck
Boutique, New
Bond Street,
£8 15s. 0d.
Rackhams,
Birmingham,
Pouldens,
Manchester.
Cigarette case of

golden scales
with glitter
clasp. Lenor,
Henrietta Place,
47s. 6d. Glasses,
Oliver Goldsmith.

See-through
jet set Sybaritic
chiffon evening
tunic enriched with
jet sequins to follow
the line of the
overskirt and to etch
the collar and cuffs.

Fank Usher. 22½ gns.
Ivor Hartnell,
Baker St., W.1,
Chana! Leeds;
Books Ltd., Sunderland.
Square jet clips
centred with a pearl.
Paris House. 3 gns.



Sparkling new slant
on the perennial gold
rush. This year's
version for the full
length skirt with a
hint of a flare, all
in gold brocade.
Topped with a
chocolate brown
chiffon blouse,
little-girl-tucked in

front and buttoned
down the back.
Made to measure by
Belville et Cie. Gift
chandelier ear-rings
with pearl and
crystal drops. Paris
House, 5½ gns.





For the hostess
with the mostest
in party dressing
Great evening
send-off via the
partnership of
veiled black
chiffon on top.

frilly boudoir lace
below. Cocktail
number has long
clinging sleeves.
plain self belt.
Susan Small.
13½ gns. Derry
& Toms;
Rackhams,
Birmingham;
Antoinette,
Cobham. Pearl
& rhinestone
collar, handsomely
clasped. Par
House. 9 gn



See-through coal
chiffon for party
separates,
scintillatingly
combined here as a
dress that floats
on air over a
taffeta sheath.
Satin ribbon
piping on the
cuffed sleeves, on
the frills of the
scoop neckline
and emphasizing
a diminutive
waist. D. Allen.
Top, 6½ gns.
Skirt, 5 gns.
John Lewis;
Bainbridge of
Newcastle;
Sayles of
Cambridge.



Two blends of
feminine witchery
equal good black
magic for the older
woman after five.

Sheath dress in soft
ribbon lace, scalloped
around the hem and
across the top of the
bodice; top and long
sleeves in cloudy black
chiffon. Gina Couture,
about 20 gns.


Fenwicks, London and
Manchester; Edith Dennett,
Wilmslow; Ruby Mills,
Belfast. Sparkler drop
ear-rings. Paris House,
2½ gns.



Undating shape in pure
silk chiffon for the
busy party candidate:
easy-to-wear bouffant
skirt and veiled bodice
swathed with a
cummerbund. Black
velvet ribbon ties in a
provocative bow at the
nape of the neck and
trims the skirt. Linzi.
John Barker; Morgan
Squire, Leicester;
J. & R. Allan, Edinburgh.
£14 3. 6. Edwardian
collar in glitter beads.
Adrien Mann. Patent
purse trimmed in suede.
Lenor, Henrietta Place.



Beguiling short evening
dress to wear from now
until the swansong of
the party season.
Grecian shape in
turquoise chiffon with
an inset cummerbund
and drifting skirt worn
over a taffeta sheath, the
top in misty chiffon to
give brief coverage to
fine shoulders. Hardy
Amies Ready-to-Wear;
Hunts of Bond Street;
Edith Denner, Wilmslow;
Elaine of Guildford.
27½ gns. Chandelier
rhinestone ear-rings.
Paris House. 4½ gns.



Severe silhouette in
clinging black crepe,
cut lean and narrow,
springs a surprise of
fluffy femininity around
the neckline with a
yoke of rose-
patterned lace which
shelters the shoulders
and forms a flamenco
frill. London Town,
12 gns. Wakefords.
Chelsea. Marylins.
Liverpool. G. O.
Griffiths. Caernarvon.
Twisted gilt bangle.
Christian Dior.

VERDICTS

PLAYS PAT WALLACE

VANITY FAIR QUEEN'S THEATRE (SYBIL THORNDIKE, FRANCES CUKA, ALAN PRYCE-JONES, GEORGE BAKER, GORDON BOYD)

Thackeray to music

THIS IS QUITE AN AGREEABLE EVENING IN THE theatre, but since it purports to be a musical version of one of the most readable classics in the language it must be examined from that point of view, and by the same token it must be said that the play falls short on both the music and the casting. Mr. Julian Slade's score is sadly limited in range and such distinction as it has is muffled by the fact that, of seven principal characters, only one can sing. Indeed, when Mr. Gordon Boyd, who plays Amelia Sedley's faithful soldier-lover, sings *There he is*—or *There (in his case) she is*—he is applauded each time by an audience grateful for a genuine singer's voice in a cast which, for the most part, is "doing a Professor Higgins" and speaking the lyrics against a musical background. Relentlessly plugged as this song is, it is still not so much a hit as a near miss, for its modest tunefulness lacks melody and certainly lacks excitement.

It is hard to understand why this should be, since it is a musical play and good voices do exist in this country. But so it is. Apart from the near-absence of singers there is another flaw, and this time a fundamental one. If we are not seeing a comparable production to *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark, we are still seeing *Vanity Fair* without the Becky Sharp we have all been imagining since the first reading of the book: a scheming little beauty who can dazzle, wheedle and excite passions. Whatever one thinks of Becky—and it is she, after all, who carries the story—she must be deliciously pretty and quite bewitching. Miss Frances Cuka, who plays the part, has drive and sparkle and a very attractive degree of vitality, but she is not Becky.

Here is a young actress who has proved that she can give admirable performances and who was remarkably good in *A Taste Of Honey*. But this is neither Delaney nor a play of Beckett's or Ionesco's, in which she has also acted most felicitously. It is a rendering of *Vanity Fair* and to that story a beautiful charmer is essential. The fault here is not in the least Miss Cuka's, who manages to make gold bricks without straw, but the fault of those responsible for the casting in the first place.

For the rest, the production is extremely pretty and the libretto both intelligent and



Amy Shuard is making her debut as Brünnhilde in Covent Garden's production of Wagner's *Die Walküre*. She is the first British Brünnhilde since Eva Turner, but in 1960 sang the part of Sieglinde in the same opera. Though she has been highly praised for her London appearances of the last few years, it is only recently that Miss Shuard has stepped into the international sphere, and this year sang at the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires and at the Vienna State Opera. She also cut her first recital record two months ago

discreetly faithful to the original. The Duchess of Richmond's ball on the eve of Waterloo is naturally the great opportunity for providing colour and movement, and here Motley has designed some delicious dresses, wisely keeping the colours to whites and golds against a gold and white setting; almost the only colours which will compete with the brilliant scarlets of the officers' uniforms.

The touches of comedy are restrained but pleasantly dealt with under the direction of Mr. Lionel Harris, and what one may justifiably call the speaking parts are very well represented with Mr. George Baker as a tall, dark and handsome Rawdon Crawley, Mr. Gabriel Woolf as an equally manly and personable George Osborne (Amelia's unsatisfactory husband) and, of course, Mr. Boyd as William Dobbin. Miss Eira Heath is required to be loyal, sad and lovely as Amelia and achieves her task effortlessly, while Mr. Michael Aldridge as wicked Lord

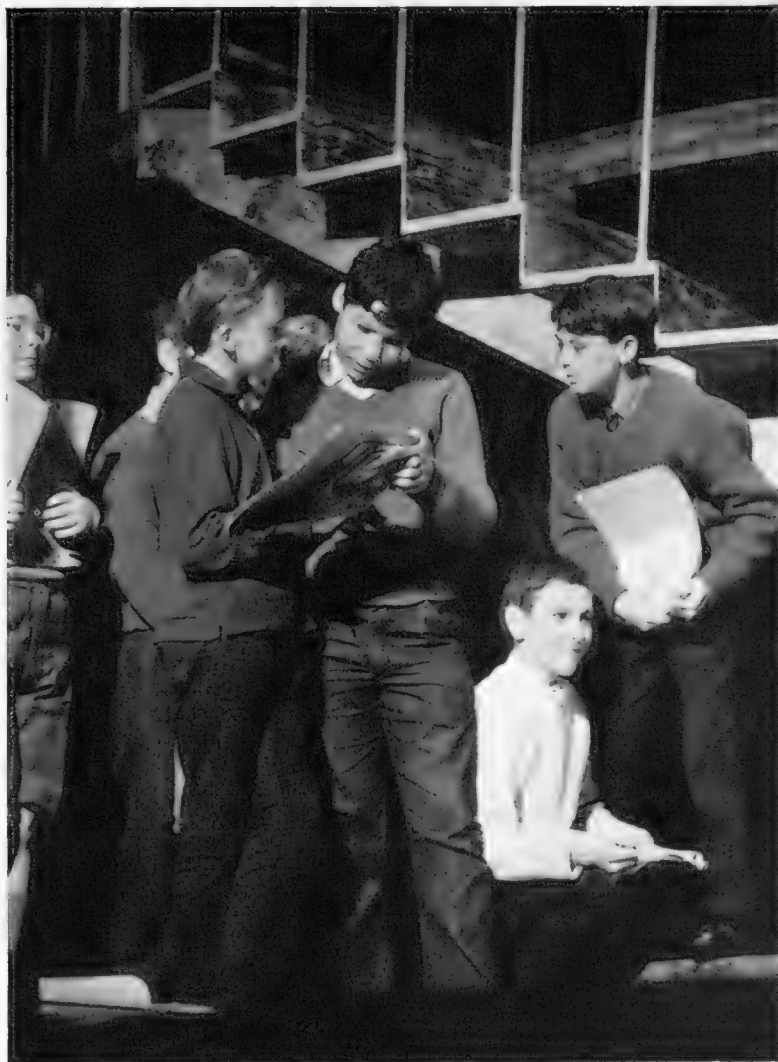
Steyne is as smoothly cynical as Mr. Robin Miller and Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones allow him to be. In the characters of Sedley *père et mère* Mr. Naunton Wayne and Miss Joyce Carey are rather skimpily treated, though Miss Carey contrives to bring a unique touch of pathos to her part.

And what shall one say of Dame Sybil Thorndike (as the rich Miss Crawley), except that she comes as close as such an actress could ever come to hamming; that her every entrance and exit is applauded by the faithful and that she appears to be having a splendid time in the scenes and the clothes which she carries with such *bravura*.

In a mild way this is, as I have said, an enjoyable manner of spending a few hours and in that useful capacity it may very well run and run—why not? After all, those of us who have our reservations also have our alternative: we can always curl up at home with the works of William Makepeace Thackeray.

Children who entertain children

It has been pointed out that a curious aspect of the London theatrical scene is that entertainment is only provided specifically for children at Christmas—as though they don't need it at any other time. Most of these plays and ballets are now traditional fare and for this page **Morris Newcombe** has photographed children who are actually taking part in shows. There were more than 400 applicants for the title role in *Emil & the Detectives* which opens for a series of matinées at Her Majesty's Theatre tomorrow. Final choice was Glen Slowther (*extreme right in the picture on the right*) from Buttershaw near Bradford. This is his first stage appearance. Rehearsing a hunting sequence below are Miss Barbara Lynn's juveniles who are appearing with Hughie Green in *Cinderella* at the Wimbledon Theatre from 22 December. This is one of the only three pantomimes in the London area this year, and the eighth mounted by the Peter Haddon Company



FILMS

ELSPETH GRANT

KID GALAHAD DIRECTOR PHIL KARLSON (ELVIS PRESLEY, LOLA ALBRIGHT, GIG YOUNG, JOAN BLACKMAN) **WE JOINED THE NAVY** DIRECTOR WENDY TOYE (KENNETH MORE, LLOYD NOLAN, JOAN O'BRIEN, MISCHA AUER)

Presley's progress

FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE YEARS MR. ELVIS Presley, accompanying himself on his little guitar, has been plaintively begging those lucky Housewives to whom the B.B.C. graciously accords a Choice, to treat him nice, treat him good, treat him like they really should, on account of he's not made of wood and doesn't have a wood-den heart. Well, if he's not made of wood or *something* less pervious to pain than ordinary human flesh, I don't know how he managed to stand up to the frequent bashings he has to take in **Kid Galahad**—a deceptively amiable-looking film in which sudden bursts of ferocity provide a series of unwelcome surprises. Unwelcome to me, that is: I dare say boxing fans will find them vastly enjoyable.

Mr. Presley, returning broke to his prettily rural birthplace, Cream Valley, after serving in the army, applies for a job at Grogan's Gaelic Gardens—a training camp for boxers, run by Mr. Gig Young and his delightful girl-friend, Miss Lola Albright. He is hired as sparring partner to Mr. Michael Dante, the handiest of Mr. Young's budding pugs: as he doesn't know the first thing about boxing and hasn't heard that you're allowed to duck, Mr. Presley just stands about the ring like a bewildered moon-calf while Mr. Dante rains vicious blows upon the face you love—or do you?

He is so utterly defenceless that his opponent becomes disconcerted and momentarily drops his guard—whereupon Mr. Presley lashes out with his right and knocks him cold with one almighty wallop. Mr. Young, who is permanently in financial difficulties and temporarily in the clutches of a bunch of crooked fight promoters who have planted two hoodlums at the camp to keep an eye on him, joyfully decides to make a boxer out of Mr. Presley: he sees in him a chance to pick up some quick money with which to rid himself of his creditors and the crooks.

Mr. P.'s heart is not in the boxing game but he'll do anything for Mr. Young because, you see, he has fallen for that designing gentleman's sister, Miss Joan Blackman—a sharp and shapely little piece whom he hopes to marry when he has saved up enough dough to buy a garage and settle down as a motor mechanic. (In a shrewd bid to establish Mr. P. as a "regular guy" with the British public, whose passion for ancient automobiles is notorious, the director, Mr. Phil Karlson, has provided him with a wonderful old crock which he loves like a mother.)

For knocking down the more repulsive of the racketeers' watchdogs (Mr. Jeffrey Morris) who has made a pass at Miss Albright, Mr. P. is nicknamed Galahad—and it is as "Kid Galahad" that he meets one "Bobo" Bailey in his first professional engagement and puts him out for the count with that lethal right, in the first

round. From then on it's roses, roses (and bloody noses) all the way for Kid Galahad, though his technique never noticeably improves.

Observing that the Kid's only assets are a chin like a kerbstone and one right-handed punch like the kick of a mule, the racketeers force Mr. Young to match him against a really experienced fighter, "Sugar-Boy" Romero: they hope to make a killing on the fight, for every man, woman and child in Cream Valley will back the Kid to the hilt.

They offer Mr. P.'s trainer (the excellent Mr. Charles Bronson) £500 *not* to work in his corner on the great day—and when he refuses the bribe they break both his hands (ouch!) so that a substitute second will have to be used. Naturally they have one up their sleeve—a chap who will apply something caustic rather than styptic to the Kid's wounds (his plump face cuts easily) to keep them bleeding freely until he loses the fight. (A pretty trick, I must say.)

Don't worry. Though mutilated, Mr. Bronson takes his place, with Mr. Young, in the Kid's corner—and, bleeding profusely without any artificial aid, Mr. P. manages to knock out "Sugar Boy" in the sixth round. Oddly enough, the racketeers don't welp on their bets—so Mr. P. is able to retire from the ring with the blessings of the entire population of Cream Valley, and a grateful handshake from Mr. Young, who is now in the clear.

Between bouts, Mr. Presley finds time to sing seven songs—breathily and *sotto voce*, so that I could scarcely distinguish a single word: not that it mattered much, I feel. Maybe he should now concentrate on acting, at which he's becoming a dab hand: he presents the dumb but decent, good-natured

slob most persuasively—and I was quite upset that he had to take so much punishment. Miss Albright is charmingly dry and witty as Mr. Young's long-suffering fiancée who despairs of ever getting her man to the altar: she is an actress in the tradition of those darling girls, Miss Eve Arden and Miss Celeste Holm—and I hope to see more of her.

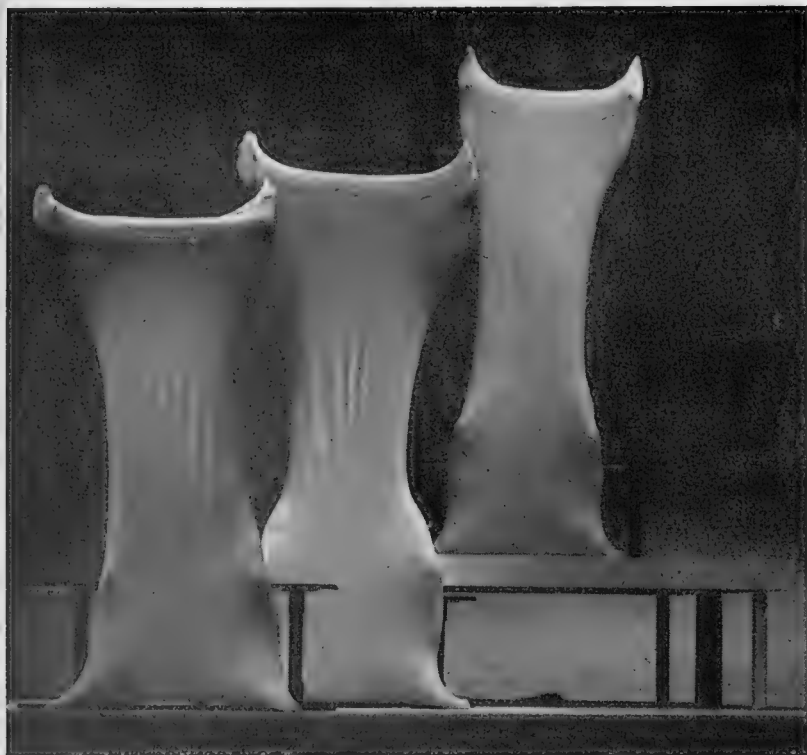
What I liked best about **We Joined The Navy**—a rollicking British comedy lightly directed by the talented Miss Wendy Toye—was the sting in the opening scenes in which delicious fun is poked at a pompous selection committee of top Naval brass interviewing possible—and impossible—candidates for enrolment at Dartmouth College. The rest of the film is just jolly—but these bits have a pleasing edge.

Mr. Kenneth More breezes through the role of Lt.-Cdr. Badger, R.N., known as "the Artful Bodger"—a wily chap with unorthodox views on the training of the cadets in his charge. A casual remark to three of them, to the effect that the Navy is run by idiots, is given unexpected publicity—as a result of which Mr. More and the trio of midshipmen he is accused of subverting are assigned to the American Navy on liaison duty. As the port to which they are posted is Villefranche, this looks rather like a holiday—until they meet up with the formidable American Admiral, Mr. Lloyd Nolan. (What a superb actor the man is.)

The Artful Bodger has a full time job shielding his feckless protégés from the Admiral's wrath—for Messrs. Jeremy Lloyd, Dinsdale Landen and Derek Fowlds have a positive genius for getting into scrapes. In Eastmancolour and Cinemascope—a sunny film for the winter months.

Elsa Martinelli gets friendly with a baby elephant on location while making the film **Hatari!** in Tanganyika. The film—its title means *Danger in Swahili*—is based on the catching of wild game alive, a highly skilled profession. Not a single shot is fired. **Hatari!**, now showing at the Plaza, also stars John Wayne and Hardy Kruger. Produced and directed by Howard Hawks





TV CONTRASTS

Alarmingly eccentric (left) is an experimental dance form devised by Alwin Nikolais for Granada's musical *West End* on 2 January. His dancers inhabit jersey sacks, pulling them into shapes suggested by *musique concrète*. Cosily conventional (right) is Gilbert & Sullivan's *The Mikado* scheduled for Christmas Eve viewing on B.B.C. It is the Sadler's Wells production conducted by David Tod Boyd. Derek Hammond-Stroud is Ko-Ko, Kevin Miller (right) is Nanki-Poo



ZOE DOMINIC

BOOKS SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

SOMETHING WHOLESOME BY ERIC NEWBY (SECKER & WARBURG, 18s.) **AN EXHIBITION OF MYSELF** BY JONATHAN ROUTH (BARRIE & ROCKLIFF, 13s. 6d.) **EARLS OF CREATION** BY JAMES LEES-MILNE (HAMISH HAMILTON, 35s.) **RUINS IN JUNGLES** BY STELLA SNEAD (HAMISH HAMILTON, 63s.) **WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN** BY ROBERT SPEAIGHT (EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, 63s.) **ANDROCLES AND THE LION** BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW (PENGUIN, 3s. 6d.) **A DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF TIME** BY ANTHONY POWELL (HEINEMANN, 42s.) **THE CLOWN SAID NO** BY MISCHA DAMJAN & GIAN CASTY (DOBSON, 12s. 6d.) **BABAR'S CASTLE** BY LAURENT DE BRUNHOFF (METHUEN, 10s. 6d.) **MADELINE IN LONDON** BY LUDWIG BEMELMANS (DEUTSCH, 15s.)

Newby wholesale

"AFTER NINE YEARS IN THE WHOLESALE DRESS trade he worked in a London couture house, leaving there to make an expedition to Nuristan"—who else could it be but Eric Newby? *Something Wholesome* is a superb, leisurely, wild, astonished and extravagantly funny account of his life in the coats and mantles business. Only Mr. Newby would find himself so exquisitely isolated in a railway carriage at Dungeness with his tremendously pregnant wife and a foghorn blasting away into their ears. Only Mr. Newby would have such an adorable father, who dominates the book in an eccentric, unpredictable and wholly proper manner, as is the way of the fathers of all good English writers. Mr. Newby *père* is remembered by his son with the utmost affection and, I dare swear, precision, and he cuts a jolly dash right through this enchanting and beguiling book. What I specially love about Mr. Newby is that he likes—or at least copes with—everything that has ever happened to him, and such relish is rare in the writing trade; or, come to that, in coats and mantles.

Jonathan Routh's *An Exhibition Of*

Myself is an expanded version of his earlier autobiography, *The Little Men In My Life*. Mr. Routh has been a practical joker all his life—a very English and rather alarming thing to be, yet he manages to make it seem eminently sane and rational. No one else I know makes practical jokery a way of life, but Mr. Routh's approach to the enterprise is so persuasive one wonders why more talented characters do not take it up. The style is suitably grave, even sombre, and I find Mr. Routh endearing for being the father of the only child that looked like Earl Attlee and not like Sir Winston Churchill.

Earls Of Creation by James Lees-Milne is a very entertaining book about five 18th-century aristocrats with a passion for building, my favourite being Lord Burlington who travelled abroad prodigally ordering musical instruments and comforts for his little dogs. There are pretty illustrations and the whole enterprise is extremely pleasant. . . . *Ruins In Jungles* is a book of rather splendid photographs by Stella Snead, full of peeling, crumbling Buddhas, trees growing through towers, and walls and steps which seem to have become part of the fabric of the jungle. . . . And *William Rothenstein* by Robert Speaight is a stately, lingering and maybe a touch too inclusive biography. All the same it conveys great sympathy with someone who was clearly a man of honesty, directness and a touching unworldliness—and as the people in the story include Augustus John, Sickert, Whistler and the adorable Max Beerbohm, the slowness of pace is maybe no bad thing in such good company. There's a letter from Max, saying how he wished he could have expressed in words the happiness he had had from a visit of Rothenstein's, that is the greatest possible delight and well worth waiting for.

Penguins' have issued *Androcles And The Lion* done in Shaw's reformed spelling, which nobody is going to be able to read anyway (they thoughtfully print the normal lettering on the facing page for unreformed spellers). . . . And anyone who is incapable of keeping different volumes and

instalments of the same novel in one place together—a trick I have never achieved for longer than a week at any one time—will be thankful to know that all three books of Anthony Powell's intoxicating serial story are now published in one book under the title *A Dance To The Music Of Time*. Those who do not instantly submit to Mr. Powell's intense magic will, I think, never be persuaded. But to me it is inconceivable that anyone can resist this sort of apologetic, cool, instantly ensnaring prose: "Being in love is a complicated matter; although anyone who is prepared to pretend that love is a simple, straightforward business is always in a strong position for making conquests. In general, things are apt to turn out unsatisfactorily for at least one of the parties concerned; and in due course only its most determined devotees remain unwilling to admit that an intimate and affectionate relationship is not necessarily a simple one. . . ." And so on; ah, the happiness.

Lastly, three children's books everyone ought to own: *The Clown Said No*, by Mischa Damjan & Gian Casty, a circus story with the prettiest pictures this Christmas; *Babar's Castle* by Laurent de Brunhoff in which Babar and the family move to Bonnetrompe Castle and an underground passage is discovered (surely this cannot mean they have left Celesteville for good?); and the last, alas, of the Madelines, *Madeline In London* by the late Ludwig Bemelmans, in which Miss Clavel and the 12 little girls arrive in London to give Pepito (son of the Spanish Ambassador) the gift of a retired horse, and in the course of many gorgeous adventures, savour the inimitable climate of London ("Oh for a cup of tea and crumpets—Hark, hark, there goes the sound of trumpets") and pass Buckingham Palace at a magnificent moment ("The people below are stout and loyal, And those on the balcony mostly Royal.")

The price of *The Happy Birthday Present* (World's Work), reviewed in our 7 November issue, is 10s. 6d., not 16s. 6d. as stated.

RECORDS

SPIKE HUGHES

MR. MALCOLM GOES TO TOWN BY GEORGE MALCOLM
LA CREATION DU MONDE BY MILHAUD
FRENCH PIANO DUETS BY M. & MME. CASADESUS
ENIGMA VARIATIONS CONDUCTED BY TOSCANINI

The classical approach to jazz

ONLY THOSE WHO SUFFERED THEM CAN IMAGINE how ferociously the slings and arrows of outraged English cathedral organists were hurled at jazz whenever it was mentioned in the 20s and 30s. Rather as every Tom, Duke and Harry nowadays puts contemporary art smartly in its place for us, so in those days cathedral organists expressed unsolicited opinions on any subject under the sun, but especially jazz. Now at last one of their kind has climbed down from his loft to make a conciliatory gesture; and not a moment too soon, either. In **Mr. Malcolm Goes to Town** (Decca EP—mono and stereo) the former Master of the Cathedral Music at Westminster Cathedral sits down at a harpsichord and plays *Bach Goes to Town*. Alec Templeton's little masterpiece of academic snook-cocking in strict fugue form is now fitted out with a Prelude which I hadn't heard before, but which—knowing Bach's Italian Concerto—I can't say sounds entirely unfamiliar. Apart from a couple of really corny codas and a tendency to let

the tempo run away with him, Mr. Malcolm acquits himself well. The rest of the record consists of one of his own party pieces—a Bached-up version of “the” Hornpipe—two pops (Paradies' *Toccata* and Daquin's *Cuckoo*) and his arrangement for the harpsichord of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Bumble Bee*, which is quite a terrifying picture of a normally cosy creature.

Now that the straight boys are learning how to phrase jazz properly, quite a lot of music that used to sound silly is at last beginning to make a little more sense. Darius Milhaud's ballet, **La Création du Monde** (RCA Victor—mono and stereo), was written in 1923 with liberal use of the jazz vocabulary to add exotic colouring. But played in the way it has been until now, with all those rooty-toot trumpets and that terrible saxophone vibrato, nothing could have sounded less exotic or jazzlike. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, however, have gone into the matter seriously; they play Milhaud's ballet the way he must have hoped it would sound 40 years ago and never did. It is now a most impressive piece. On the flip side, as they say, is Milhaud's *Suite Provençale*, which justifies the Cézanne on the sleeve by its brightness and warmth and is a wonderful contrast to the rather sombre excitement of *La Création du Monde*.

Even at its most sombre French music always seems to be uniquely easy to listen to. It is a peculiar and refreshing quality which oozes from one of the most agreeable

records for years: **French Piano Duets** (CBS—mono and stereo) played by Robert Casadesus and his wife, Gaby, and devoted to “originals” in this intimate family form—Debussy's *Petite Suite*, Satie's *Trois morceaux en forme de poire*, Fauré's *Dolly* (dedicated to Debussy's stepdaughter, Dolly Bardac) and Chabrier's *Trois valse romantiques*.

It is an enchanting collection full of charm, wit and cheerfulness.

The first batch of RCA's new Victrola reissues at 21s. 6d. a throw includes Toscanini's superb performance of the **Enigma Variations** (mono only)—a work the Italian conductor was extremely fond of and played regularly for 50 years. When he conducted it in England there were always shouts that it wasn't “English” enough; except from Landon Ronald, perhaps the greatest of all Elgar conductors, who said it wasn't “English” music: it was great music and Toscanini made it sound like it. The backing of this record is the Brahms *Haydn Variations*, another classic Toscanini performance.

As the Victrola label is restricted by contract to only two Toscanini issues a year, I hope they'll make a special point of letting us have Debussy's *La Mer*, which is no longer available, with its original American coupling of *Ibéria*, which has never been issued here at all. They ought to have been a natural for the Debussy centenary this year anyway.

GALLERIES ROBERT WRAIGHT

Treasures in two modes

EVERY ONE WHO HAS EVER BEEN TO THE SISTINE Chapel and stood, crick-necked and over-awed, gaping in amazement at its ceiling, must have asked himself, “How was it possible?”. Tales of all the physical hardships and discomfort Michelangelo suffered, as he lay on his back or crouched cramped for four years (only four years!) painting it, tell us nothing we cannot easily imagine. What is beyond our comprehension is the tremendous spiritual power behind his achievement.

This spiritual power is not to be confused with religious fervour, a quality which, it could probably be shown, has been inimical to great art. The idea of the great painter or sculptor of religious subjects working in a trance-like state of religious ecstasy is a fiction. Only by seeing a Michelangelo as a man (and not some godlike freak) against the background of his time and that time's philosophical climate shall we ever get far beyond the stage of gaping with uncomprehending awe at his creations.

Surprisingly, perhaps, this is the line taken by Professor Maurizio Calvesi, of the University of Rome, in **The Treasures of the Vatican** (Skira for *Sunday Times* Publications, 9 gns.), a magnificent book in which the excellence of the illustrations is matched by his scholarly text. An acutely perceptive dialectician, he tells the story of the Vatican and St. Peter's, interweaving with it a lucid critical study of the work and characters of the great masters who

built and adorned them. Not only Michelangelo but also Giotto, Donatello, Fra Angelico, Perugino, Signorelli, Botticelli, Pollaiuolo, Leonardo, Raphael and dozens of lesser masters, from Caravaggio and Reni to Canova, are shrewdly examined. So, too, are several of the Popes, who were their patrons, and the great architect Bramante, whom Michelangelo called “as capable an architect as any that has ever been from the ancients up to now”.

We learn that even the devout Fra Angelico was “a man of the Renaissance and acquiesced in its cultural climate” and that the legend that he painted the glorious frescoes in the chapel of Nicholas V in a state of religious frenzy is just a legend. Botticelli, who painted frescoes in the Sistine alongside Perugino and Signorelli, had a “latent sense of guilt” which stemmed from the action upon his Christian conscience of a nostalgia for the paganism and mythology of the classical age. The serenity and optimism of Raphael is contrasted with the “sombre moodiness” of Michelangelo, who “stands at the centre of the historical curve connecting the exhortations of Savonarola with those of the Counter-Reformation”. And so on.

Seen in this sort of light the vast hoard of treasures in the Vatican palace and in St. Peter's, in the galleries, the library, the grottoes, the necropolis, reveal what Dr. Campos, curator of the Vatican Museums, calls “the harmonious development of all the faculties of the human mind”. The scope of the text, complemented by 120 plates, most of them in colour, is tremendous. It is a book for those who are going to Rome, for those who are in Rome, for those who have come back from Rome, and

for those who will never see Rome.

About treasures, too, is **Les Pavillons** (Hamish Hamilton, 73s. 6d.), a picture book of “the small houses (*les petits châteaux*) built by the courtiers and mistresses of Louis XIV and Louis XV to escape the stifling discipline of the royal court”. Through scores of fine photographs and a witty introductory essay by Cyril Connolly it evokes an image of the “sweet life” of the French aristocracy before the Revolution that is more telling than any the history books could conjure up.

The Kings themselves were among the first to seek respite from the suffocating “gilded prison” that was Versailles. Louis XIV went first to Marly then to the Trianon de Porcelaine and the Grand Trianon. Louis XV created for himself the *Petits Appartements* and for La Pompadour, who already had fourteen homes, the *Petit Trianon*. Emulating their monarchs, courtiers and their mistresses built themselves pleasant escape houses in and around Paris and Versailles. Their reasons for building were hardly noble but the buildings they commissioned were almost invariably in excellent taste and delightful settings for their relaxations—talking, eating, card-playing and making love.

Each of the surviving *pavillons* has its own distinctive personality and, of course, its own intriguing story. Mr. Connolly enlivens his accounts of the 39 houses pictured in the book with a neat balance between flashes of erudition and titbits of scandal. But of all his delectable anecdotes I like best the brevity and simple charm of this: “Marie Antoinette was just nineteen when Louis XVI gave her Trianon. “*Vous aimez les fleurs, j'ai un bouquet a vous offrir.*”

There is always something in the shops irresistibly priced for what it is . . .

Like a black and gold lacquer Spanish chair with a rush seat—hand-made, hand-painted for £2 19s. 6d. Additional matador colours, from Liberty (antique dept.)

Like a pale turquoise glazed plate textured with vine leaves. Little blue jug to match. Plate, 7s. 6d.; jug, 25s., and Bristol blue glass, 15s., from Casa Pupo whose best-selling bargain is his unbelievably cheap wool rugs from £5

Like a huge hand-made market basket from the bargain corner in John Lewis which is packed with touchable biscuity cane and wattle. This one, Italian, costs 33s. 9d.

Like a stoneware barrel, complete with wooden taps; holds a gallon of liquid . . . 15s. 6d. from Loftus, Tottenham Court Road, who have equipment for amateur wine-makers. Stoneware storage jars, banded in coffee brown cost from 8s. Beer tankards for as little as 1s. 6d. each

Like a cream sheepskin curl-up rug, £5 from Adams, Carnaby Street, W.1, who sell everything for horses from saddlery to old carriage lamps. Their sheepskins vary in price from £3

Like the brass rod for curtains about 4s. a foot, pineapple ends 32s. 3d., rings 6s. 7d. a dozen to make the plainest curtains look good. From the architectural ironmongers Beardmores, Cleveland Street, W.1.

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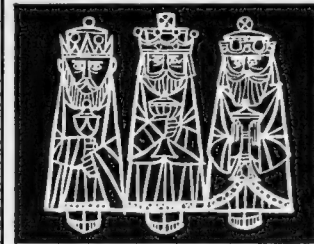
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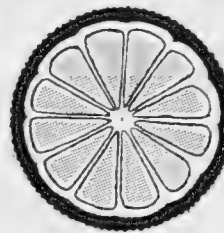
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Weddings



Murphy—Waring: Jane Natasha, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. William Martin Murphy, of Henniker Mews, S.W.3, was married to Michael Hugh, son of the late Mr. T. F. Waring and of Mrs. Waring, of Shotover, Bexhill-on-Sea, at St. Mary Abbots, W.8



Hill—Thacher: Susan Caroline, daughter of Col. & Mrs. F. M. Hill, of Manor Farm House, East Knoyle, Salisbury, Wiltshire, was married to John Hollister, son of Mr. & Mrs. G. B. Thacher, of Orinda, California, at East Knoyle Church



Finlayson—Perkins: Maureen, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. T. Finlayson, of Easingwell House, Berden, Essex, was married to William, son of Mr. & Mrs. E. H. Perkins, of Applegarth, Ogbourne St. George, Wilts, at St. Bartholomew the Great, E.C.1



Christie-Miller—Calder: Mary Olive Christie-Miller, daughter of Lt.-Col. Christie-Miller and of Mrs. R. J. Niven, of Farnham, Surrey, was married to Capt. Ian David Calder, R.A.D.C., son of Mr. & Mrs. D. J. B. Calder, of Norton-on-Tees, Co. Durham, at Stanley Fort Garrison Church, Hong Kong



McAlpine—Noyes: Valerie Anne, daughter of Mr. A. J. McAlpine, of Gerwyn Hall, Marchweil, Denbighshire, and of Mrs. D. Brooke-Hitching, of Porchester Terrace, W.2, was married to Julio, son of the late Mr. Julius Noyes, and of Mrs. Noyes, of Park Avenue, New York, at St. James's, Spanish Place

MOTORING

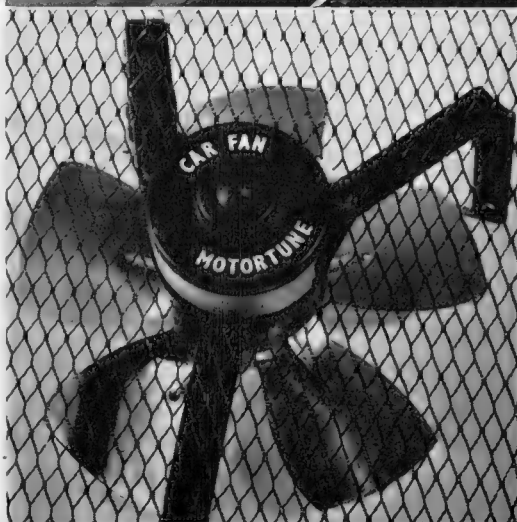
Dudley Noble

Presents for the car

A MOTORIST IS A PERSON WHO BUYS GADGETS for his car. Christmas seems an appropriate time to consider what is available to make our motoring safer, more comfortable and in some ways less irritating. In the last category I place the misting-up of the inside of the windows when one starts away on a cold morning, and particularly the back window. A little while ago Holts sent me one of their anti-misting cloths, which only costs 2s. 6d., and this has certainly helped. It is buyable at most accessory stores. Or, if you want to do the thing thoroughly, you can have the rear window made from the special glass produced by Triplex, embodying a grid of hairlike wires through which an electric current runs. This is rather expensive, the exact cost depending on the size of the area treated. Alternatively, there are electric heaters to fix with suction cups to the glass, and panels of transparent plastic.

Those who make short runs each morning, perhaps to park at the nearest railway station, will find one or other of these remedies helpful, but what ought to be done by car manufacturers, of course, is to arrange that heaters warm up the interior of the body far quicker than at present. Ford of Cologne have shown how. On their new Taunus 12M, they cut out the belt-driven fan and send all the water in the circulation system to the heater until the radiator cuts in when the engine gets really hot. (Other firms, please copy.) And, talking about fans, the time will surely come when a more intelligent method of driving them than a belt is generally adopted. Almost every engine runs at too cool a temperature, and in winter, especially, the fan seldom does any real good, yet one cannot put it out of action because the same belt nearly always drives the dynamo. The firm of Motortune (6 Adam & Eve Mews, W.8) has fitted the Mini of one of my friends with an electrically driven fan which is automatically switched on and off by a thermostat. Not only does this release more power from the engine for driving the car (an ordinary fan absorbs two or three h.p. depending on the speed at which it is driven) but an efficiently high temperature gives better petrol consumption and longer life to the engine. This new fan has proved quite satisfactory on the Morris Mini—it also suits the Mini-Cooper, Riley Elf and Wolseley Hornet—and costs £6, postage and packing 5s. extra. A similar fan suitable for the Morris and M.G. 1100 models is listed at £7, and other cars will be catered for in due course. The same firm has sent me a "Lammit" lambswood mitt for washing and/or polishing the car, or for household use, which is very handy for keeping surfaces shiny without scratching them. This costs 10s.

Yet another gadget suited to the B.M.C.'s Mini models is an air scoop, whose purpose is to keep their squarish rear ends, including the window, cleaner in dirty weather. Vehicles with this sort of shape cause a vacuum behind them as they travel, and the faster they go the more they attract dust or mud, plus oily fumes from the exhaust. This new "Panorama" air scoop fits at the back end of the roof (it is quite simple to attach) and directs a stream of air down-



wards, breaking up the vacuum. It has another use, and that is to act as an aerial: the makers are Panorama Radio, 73 Wadham Road, Putney, S.W.15, and the cost is from 52s., depending on the size required.

Warning of a broken down car or vehicle at the roadside, perhaps with lights extinguished, is required by law in some Continental countries. Here in Britain no regulation on the subject exists, but the motorist who wants to be fully prepared for any eventuality always carries a torch on his car. A better thing than this is the safety breakdown lamp made by L. S. Mayer (London) Ltd., and sold by W. H. Smith's bookshops for 12s. 6d., including battery. It is not only a torch but a red warning lamp also, which can be stood on the road and set to give either a continuous or flashing light.

Joseph Lucas, who make the electrical equipment for every British car, have a range of excellent foglamps, of which the one costing 79s. 6d. is probably the most popular. The same money buys an electric screen washer, and Lucas's "Crystal Clear" additive to the water which goes into it, at 3s. 9d. a bottle, ensures that the traffic film that settles on screens is removed by the wipers.

Finally, a simple but effective means of keeping the windscreen clear of frost when your car is parked for longish periods. This is the Fros-Free cover, from Charleson Components, of Radlett, Herts, price 12s. 6d. Made of tough jute hessian, it completely shrouds the windscreen, and is secured by closing the doors over the loose ends. It can also be used as a groundsheet for under-car repairs, or as an emergency wheel-grip.

1. The Panorama Airscoop fitted to an Austin Mini

2. A safety breakdown lamp combining a torch and a red light

3. The Motortune "Lammit" mitt

4. Motortune electric engine-cooling fan. All these items are described in detail alongside

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I HAVE A DREAM OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. EVEN though I know that on 26 December it will prove to be another manifestation of the ghost of Christmas Future, I derive no little pleasure from it. I imagine myself awakened at a civilized hour on Christmas morning by a manservant whose otherwise total silence is broken very occasionally by a pleasing dry wit. His services for the next year, together with those of a superb chef and several other less apparent servants, have been the gift of an indulgent aunt. Opening my eyes to the sound of bath water being run for me in the adjoining bathroom, I look around at my bedroom, furnished with fine antique furniture.

It is then that I see an extremely large pile of exquisitely wrapped presents at the foot of the bed; I undo the wrappings with cries of delight that my friends and family have completely ignored my earnest pleas to give me nothing. As a token of my goodwill, I resolve to put all their presents to use without delay.

First, into the bathroom for a preliminary trial of the Addis Dent-o-matic electric toothbrush, 4 gns. After a few minutes of near hysteria at the thought of putting it into my mouth I steel myself and find it a most hygienic new experience, clearly putting my teeth and gums into first-class condition for the overeating I plan. Pausing only to drink a refreshing silver tankard of champagne and fresh orange juice in my

bath, I leap out and shave myself with the first of a year's supply of Gillette Extra razor blades and broach a handsome bottle of Floris's New Mown Hay. I select one of a dozen new suits, each one the work of a different master tailor (Happy Christmas to them all) and go down to breakfast.

Not wishing to disturb the chef from his luncheon preparations, I cook my own simple breakfast—grilled kidneys—on a Cannon portable radiant heat cooker, 30 gns., observing with satisfaction the attachment that spins them on their spits. I see from my 18-carat gold Piaget wristwatch, on which someone has spent £390 at Kutchinsky's, that it is nearly time to go to church, but that I have ample time to go down to the cellar and select some vintage clarets and ports. Wielding my Corkmaster CO₂ corkscrew, 36s. 9d., I enjoy myself so much that I open far more bottles than I can consume unaided, so I telephone several far-flung friends and have them collected in my new helicopter. They arrive in time to greet me on my return from church, and I am embraced fondly by their golden-headed children and wives, bearing, I am glad to say, more gifts for me.

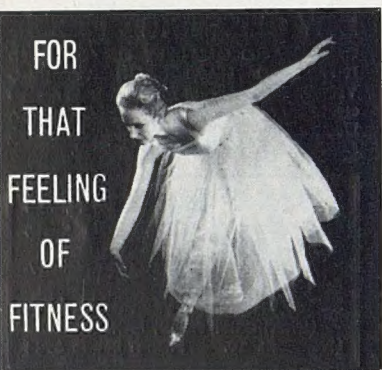
During lunch I apportion helpings of turkey with a splendid carving knife from Madam Cadec, which leaves no marks on the dished teak carving platter by Dansk.

Soon the Tompion longcase clock chimes three, and as we listen to the Queen's

speech on my superb stereophonic radiogram by Braun, I gaze reflectively at the Lion & Unicorn, made in china and bought for 8 gns. at the Crafts Centre. Afterwards I join the children in a stirring Scalextric motor race, played on an exact replica of the Le Mans track, but using model 1928 Bentleys and 1933 Alfa-Romeos. They beat me, but only just. I have no need to worry about my own Continental Bentley, presently standing outside my town house in Montpelier Square; its lights will be turned on automatically at lighting-up time by the Smith's Parklite timer, £2 15s.

The children enjoy many of my presents as much as I do. They are delighted with the kaleidoscope from Presents of Dover Street, and intrigued by the miniature cannon from C. P. Burge, Sloane Street, £10—almost as much as they are fascinated by the cordless Black & Decker drill, £28 with a rechargeable power pack.

Soon the doors are thrown open between the beautifully proportioned rooms, and the crystal candelabras pale above the magnificent diamonds worn by my friends' wives. I reflect cheerfully that I am as yet unmarried but with every prospect of being married next Christmas to a beautiful heiress. Later I win an absurd sum at *chemin de fer* and after a last solitary brandy in the library, retire to the comfort of a coal fire in my bedroom. It is all over for another year.



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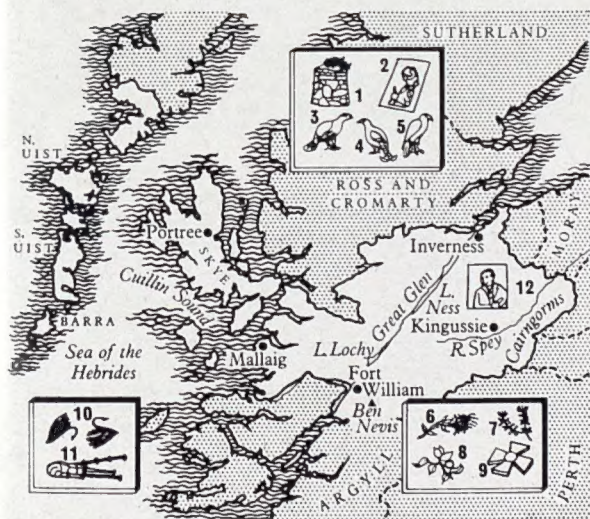
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Painted by Leonard Rosoman

Shell guide to INVERNESS-SHIRE



Much of Inverness-shire is in a literal sense the most genuine High Land. The granite Cairngorms heave into the sky a rough plateau which is the largest area in Britain above 3,000 feet. The peak Braeriach (4,285 feet), is the third highest of British mountains. In this composite picture the Cairngorms, where some of the glacial corries keep their snow till June, rise above an aboriginal forest of Scots Pines. To the left, as a reminder of the battle of Culloden in 1746, which decided Prince Charles's fate and future, the painter has set the memorial cairn from Culloden Moor (1), which is only a few miles from Inverness. To the right – from her memorial on Castle Hill, Inverness – observe Flora Macdonald (1722-1790) (2), the heroine who helped Prince Charles to escape over the sea to Skye.

The birds are Capercaillie (3) and Black Grouse (4) and Golden Eagle (5), the plants Scotch Thistle (6), Crowberry (7) (the sharp-tasting fruits make a good jelly), and Blaeberry (8) – which the English call Whortleberry. Scottish brooches (9) recall an Inverness-shire peculiarity, "cairngorms", yellowish or black crystals from the Cairngorm granite. Other Highland items are salmon flies (10), and the pipes (11), and a portrait of James Macpherson (1736-1796) (12), the poet of the twilight poems of "Ossian", born in the mountain parish of Kingussie, at Ruthven, where he was afterwards schoolmaster for a while, before becoming one of the most famous poets of Europe.

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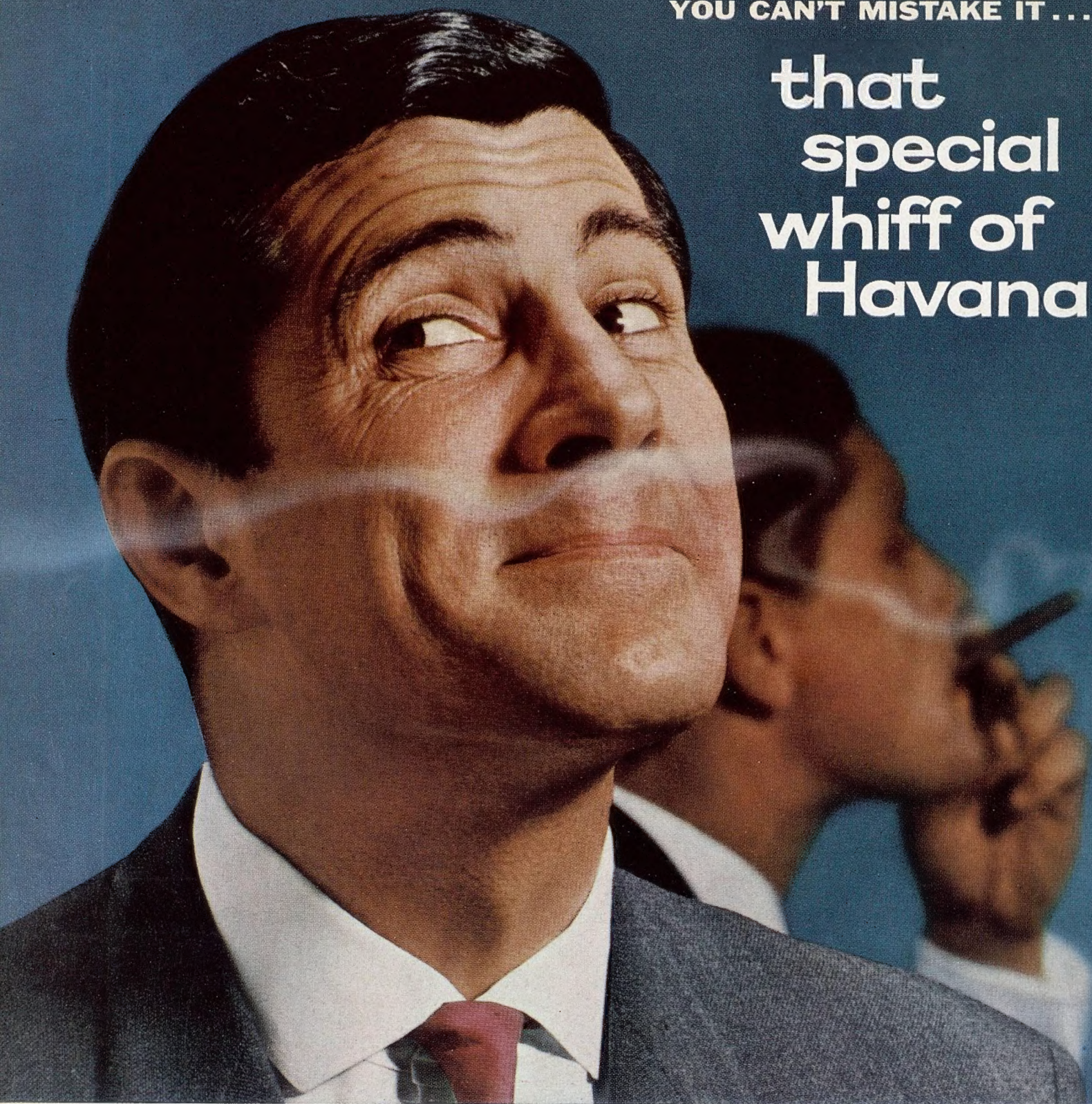
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